

NO.
32

TOP-NOTCH

JAN.

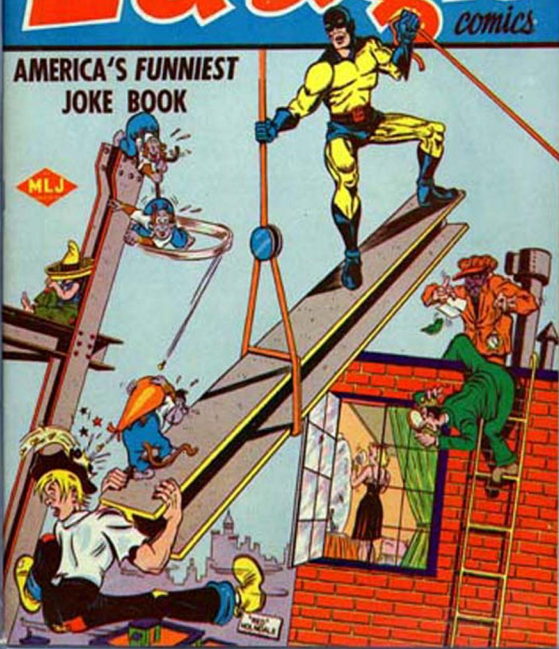
10c

Laugh

comics

AMERICA'S FUNNIEST
JOKE BOOK

MLJ





WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM

POKEY OAKY

DEAR READER, THROUGH THE DOINGS OF THE GATFIELDS, POKEY OAKY, THE HILL BILLY SHERIFF, IS NOW IMPRISONED IN A SEEMINGLY ENDLESS CAVERN---REMEMBER? OKAY! THEN CARRY ON!

Don Dean



LOOKS LIKE (GULP) THE EARTH DONE SWALLOWED ME UP FO' KEEPS!



SHO' NUFF A SPOOKY PLACE, TOO! BUT AH MUSTS GO ON--MAH HEART IS WILLIN' BUT MAH FLESH IS GOOSE-PIMPLED!



CUSS ME EFFIN' THAR HAIN'T SOME ONE DOWN YONDAH HEY THAR!



WHY ET'S "POSSUM PUSS" GAHOOTI! HOWDY, POSSUM!---BOY AM AH GLAD TO SEE YO!

THASS MO' THEN AH KIN SAY FO' YEW POKEY! (SPAT)



W-WHY WHUT'S WRONG, POSSUM? AN' WHY HAS YO' MOVED YO'RE FAMILY AN' BELONGINS INTO THIS HYAR CAVE!

CUZZ CATFISH CREEK IS NO LONGER A FITTIN' TO LIVE IN THASS WHY!



WHUT YO' MEANS BY THET?

WHILE YO' HAS BEEN GALLEY VANTIN' AROUND--WE HAS BEEN HAVIN' A CRIME WAVE! CHICKEN THIEVES DONE CLEANED ME OUT!

G-GOSH, POSSUM, AH DON'T SEE HOW **ANYONE** COULD BREAK THET BIG SPECIAL STEEL LOCK YO' HAD ON YORE HEN HOUSE!

ET WEREN'T BROKE ---ET WERE **MELTED** OFF, MYSTERIOUS LIKE !!!



MAH DOOTY CALLS! AH'S GOT TO **UNBAFFLE** THIS CRIME, YESSUH !!

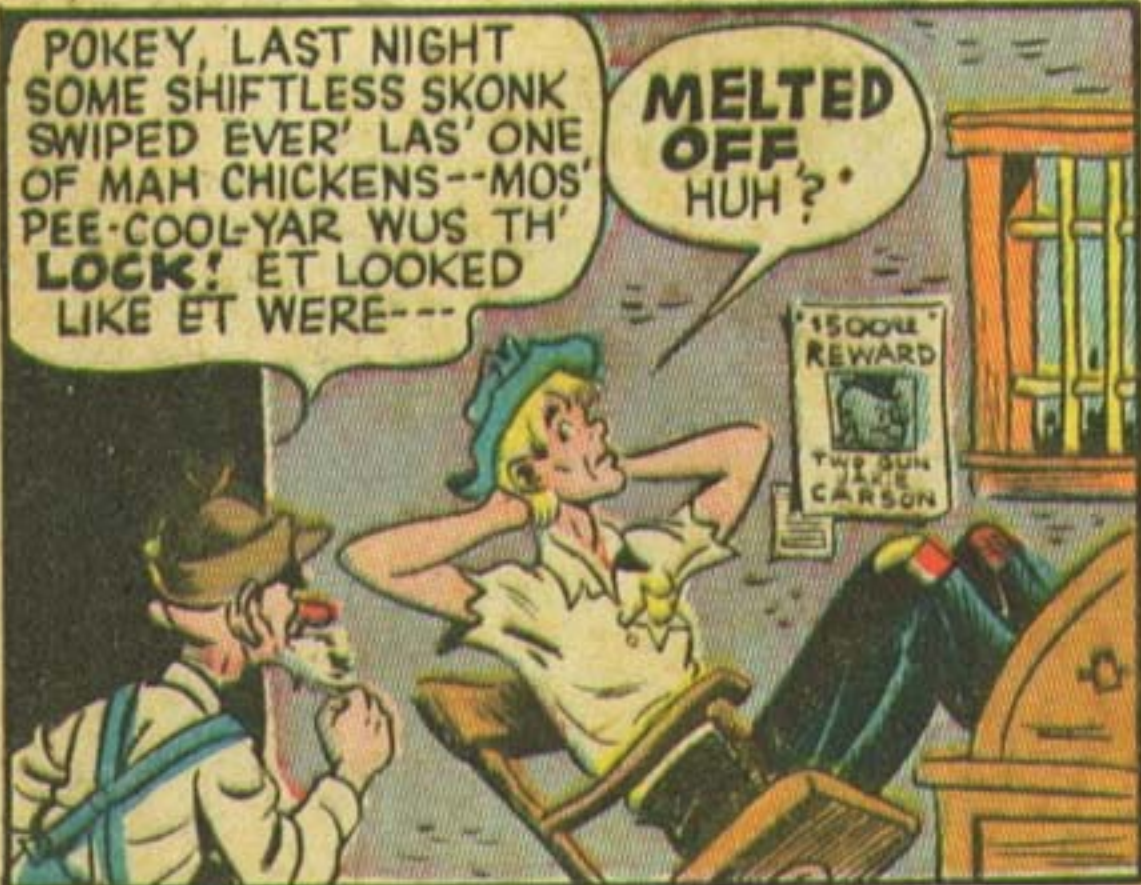
YO' BETTAH NOT FAIL EITHAH, POKEY, ELSE WE'UNS IS GONNA FIND A **NEW** SHURIFF---RIGHT QUICK!



AND AS POKEY PONDER'S OVER THE SITUATION IN HIS OFFICE, REPORTS OF AN IDENTICAL NATURE CONTINUE TO POUR IN.

POKEY, LAST NIGHT SOME SHIFTLESS SKONK SWIPED EVER' LAS' ONE OF MAH CHICKENS--MOS' PEE-COOL-YAR WUS TH' **LOCK!** ET LOOKED LIKE ET WERE---

MELTED OFF HUH?*



ALL THESE HEN HOUSE RAIDS HAVE HAPPENED THET-A-WAY! ET SHO' GOT MAH PO' BRAINS PLUMB WORN OUT!

YEP! HOW'D YO' KNOW?



WHUT YO' AIMIN' TO DO, POKEY?

HMM! FUST AH GOTS TO GET ME SOME **SUS-PECKS**--- ANYONE NEW COME TO TOWN SINCE AH WUZ AWAY?



WAL LE'S SEE NOW. MAH WIFE JUS' HAD A NINE POUND BABY BOY--

NOPE! HE DIDN'T DO IT---ANYONE ELSE ?





WAL, THEN THAR'S THEM CIRCUS FOLKS THET'S A-PLAYIN' OVAH AT PINE RIDGE!

A CIRCUS AT PINE RIDGE? AH SHO' AM GONNA CHECK ON THEM RIGHT QUICK-- BESIDES AH HAIN'T SEEN A CIRCUS IN A COON'S AGE!!

AND SO, ON THE LOT OF THE TINY DILAPIDATED CIRCUS, POKEY BEGINS MIXING BUSINESS WITH PLEASURE-- ONE PART BUSINESS -- TWO PARTS PLEASURE !!



HOWDY DEW! MIND EFFIN' AH AX YO' A FEW QUESTIONS?

SORRY, BUB, BUT I CAN'T GIVE YOU A JOB-- WE HAVE A SURPLUS OF TALENT NOW!



HMM-- NOW JES' WHIT COULD HE HAVE MEANT BY THET??



AH'LL JES' MOSEY 'ROUND FOXY LIKE AN' SEE EFFIN' AH KIN FIND ME SOME SUSPECKS! DUM DE DE!



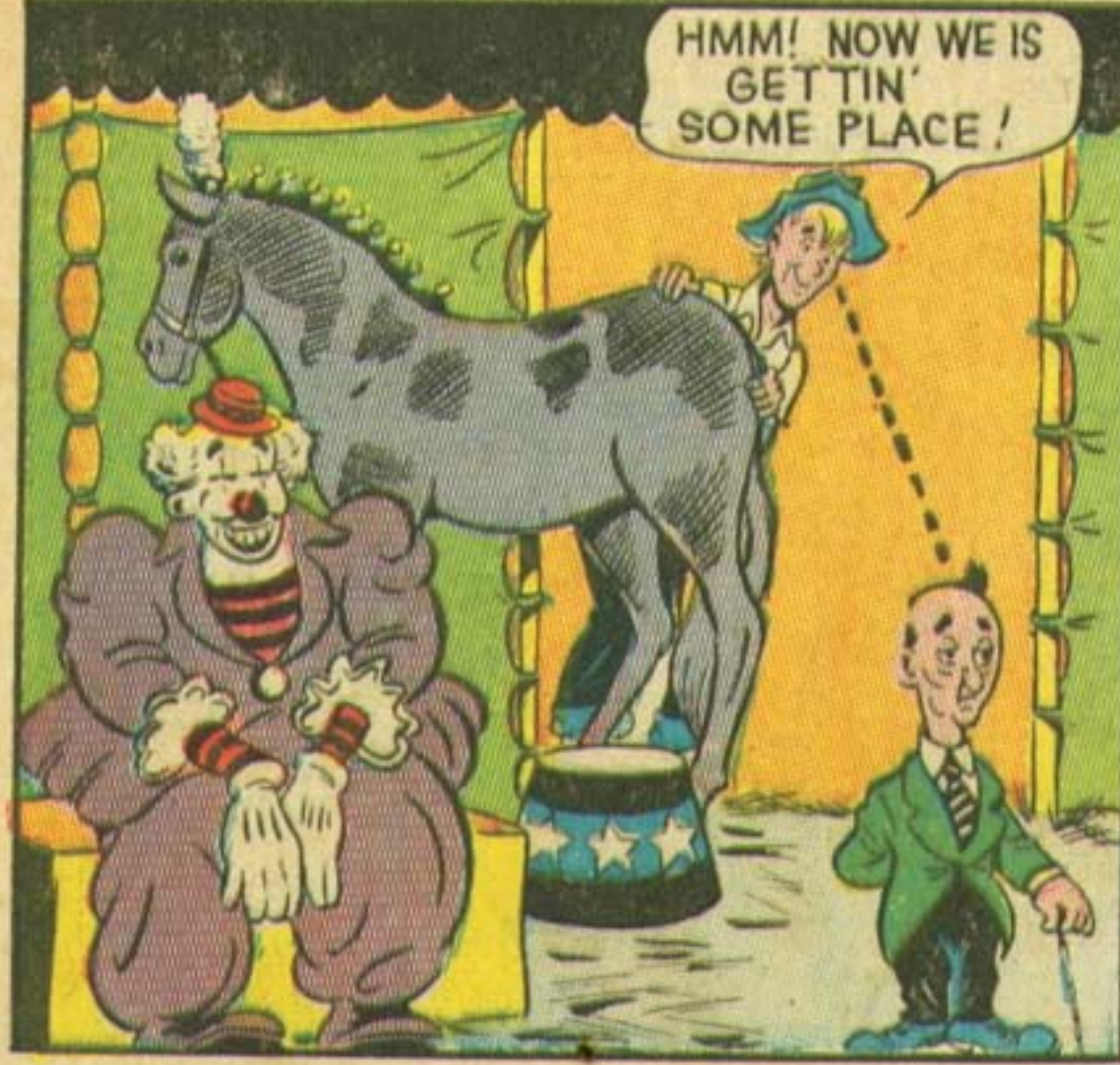
(GULP!) A-AH DON'T THINK HE W-WOULD DO IT-- TOO HONEST A F-FACE!



AN' MIGHT AS WELL COUNT HER OUT OF MAH SUSPECKS-- SHE LOOKS LIKE THE KIND OF GAL THET WOULD BE OUT IN TH' OPEN WIFF EVERYTHIN'!



AN' AH JES' KNOWS THET GENTLEMAN WOULD NEVAH STOOP TO CHICKEN SNATCHIN'-- NO SUH!!!



HMM! NOW WE IS GETTIN' SOME PLACE!



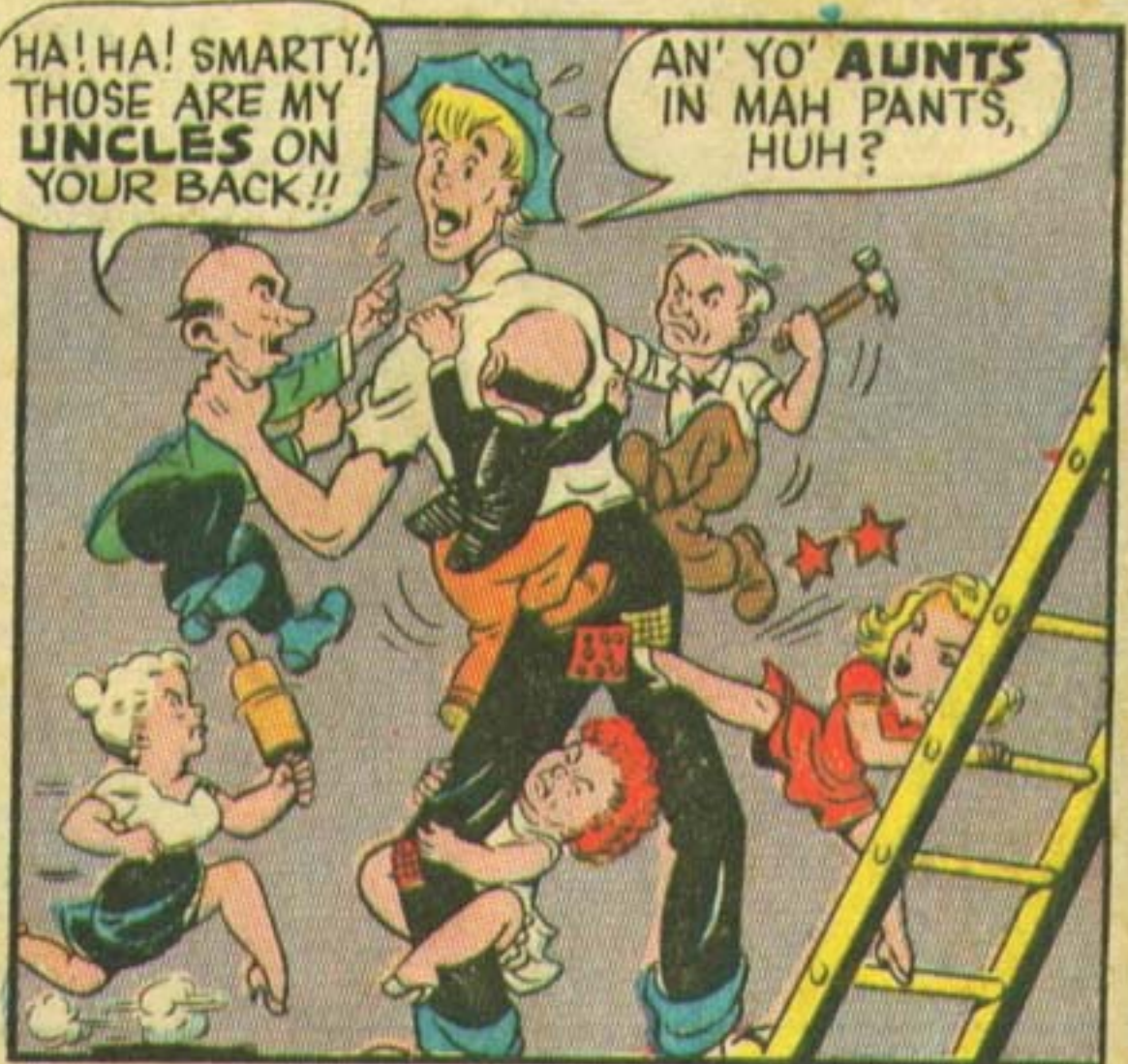
SOOO! YO' ARE TH' GUY THET HAS BEEN RUNNIN' 'ROUND MELTIN' TH' LOCKS ON OUR CHICKEN COOPS, THEN A-CLEANIN' 'EM OUT! ---HUH?!

I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKIN' ABOUT, YOU ANIMATED SCARE-CROW!!!



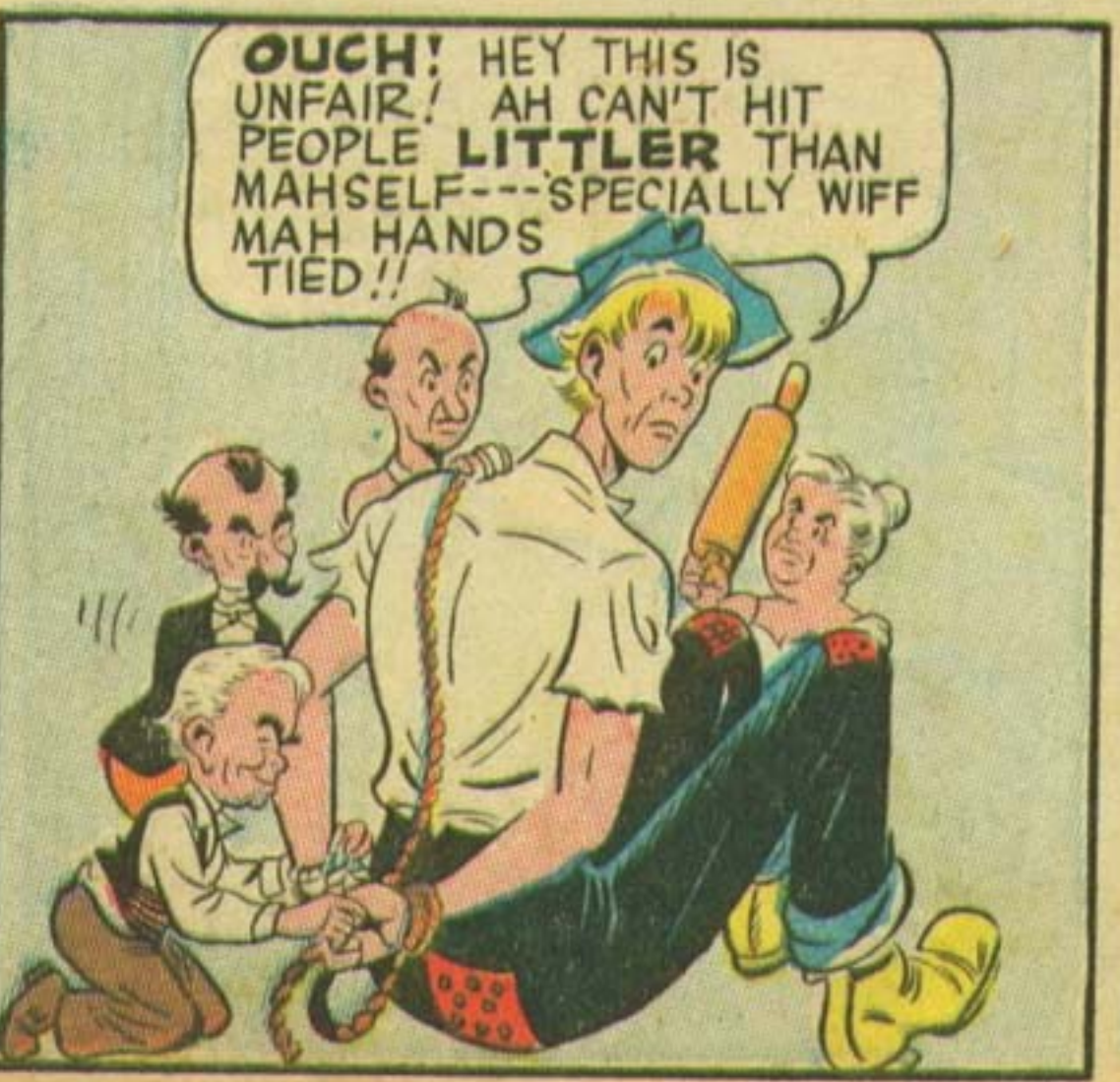
C'MON! ANSWER ME! IS YO' GUILTY OR NOT?

LEMME DOWN, YOU BIG YOKEL! HEY, RUBE!!



HA! HA! SMARTY! THOSE ARE MY **UNCLES** ON YOUR BACK!!

AN' YO' **AUNTS** IN MAH PANTS, HUH?

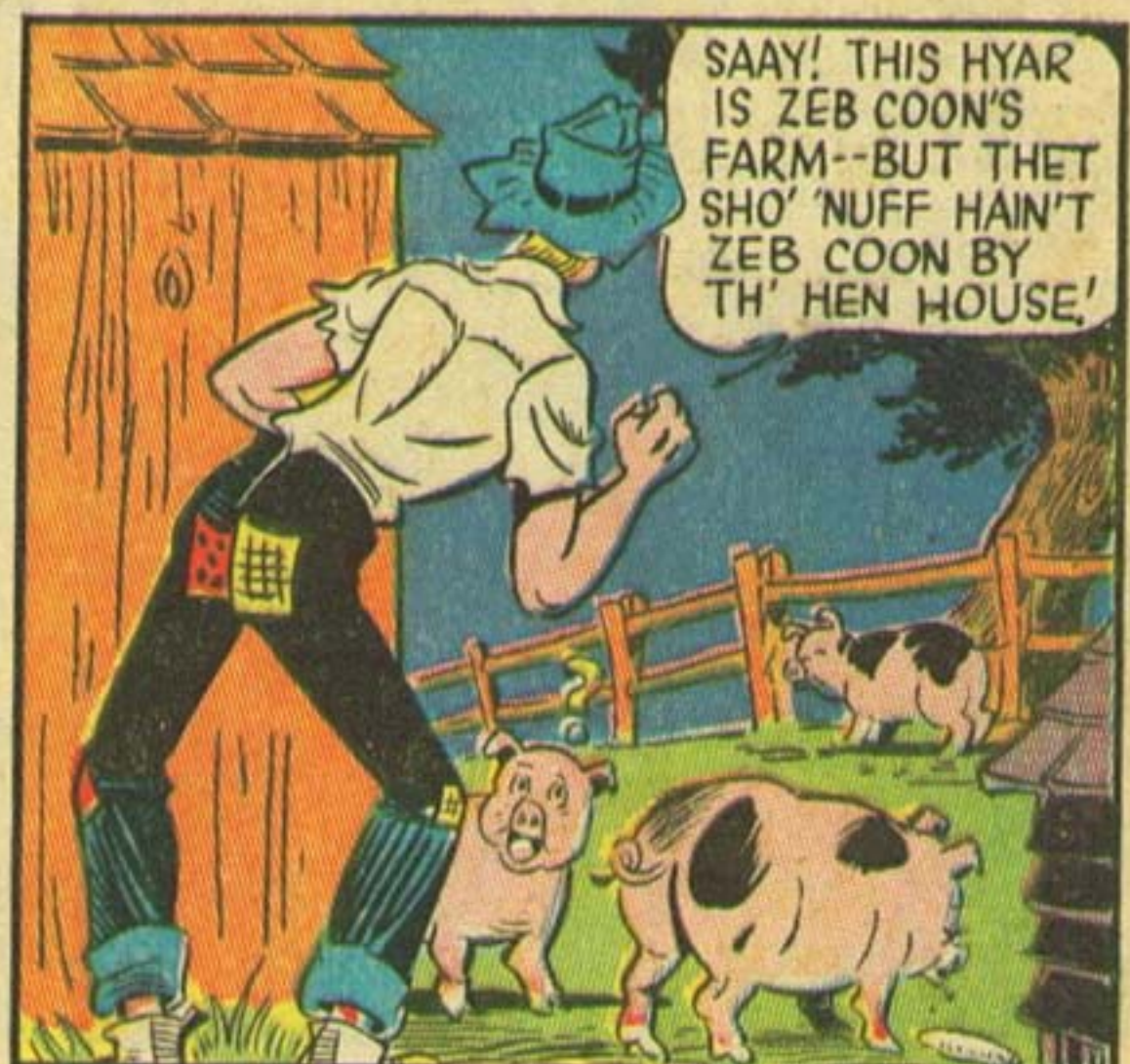
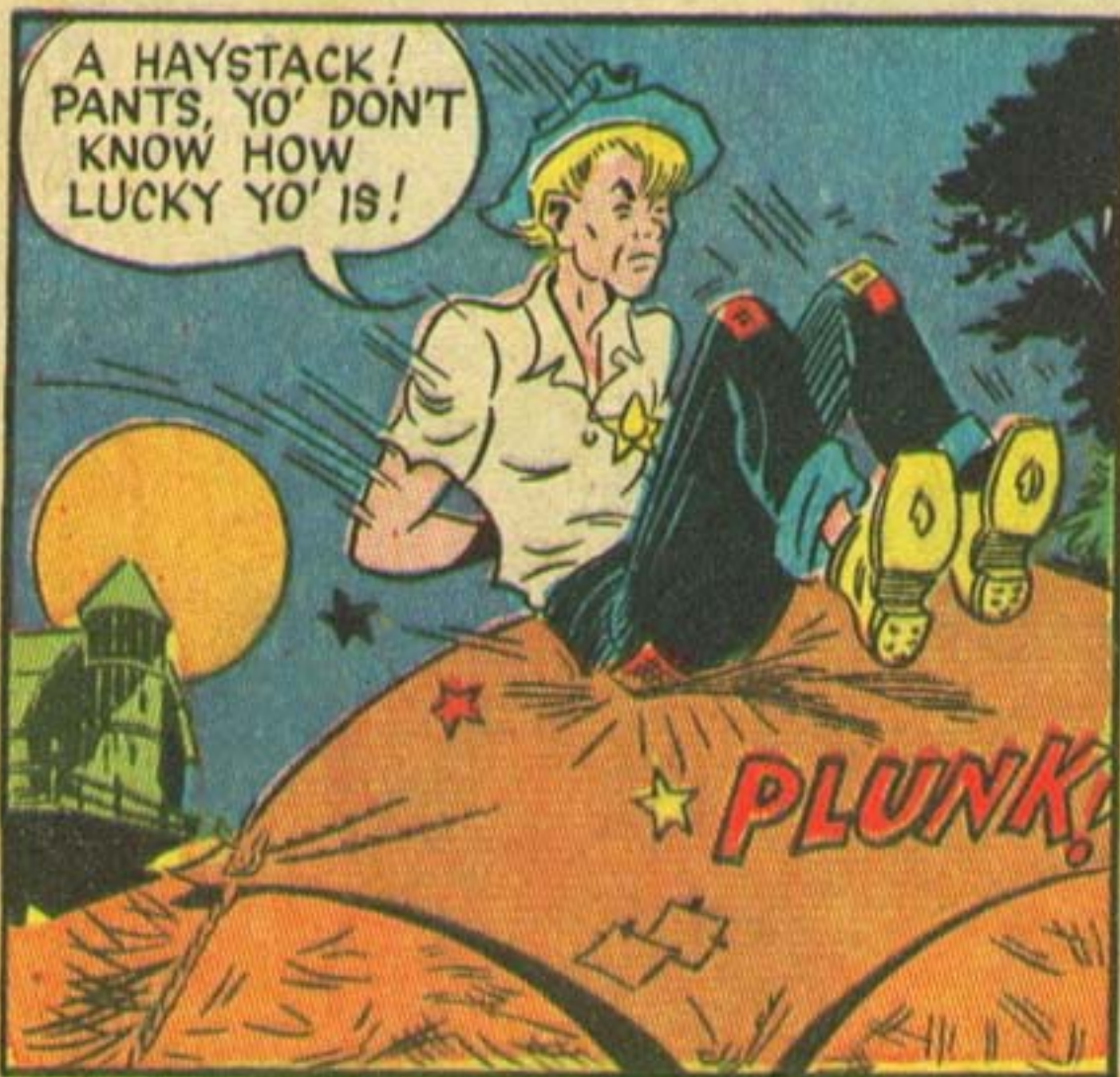


OUCH! HEY THIS IS UNFAIR! AH CAN'T HIT PEOPLE **LITTler** THAN MAHSELF---SPECIALLY WIFF MAH HANDS TIED!!



HE'LL GET A **BANG** OUTA THIS--I PUT IN AN EXTRA CHARGE OF POWDER!!

HEY! WHUT FO' YO' ALL PACKIN' ME IN THIS HYAR CANNON??





YO' IS UNDER ARREST-- BUT FUST AH MUSTN'T FO'GET TO TURN OFF TH' GAS!!



SUPPOSE AH BETTAH STOP OFF AN' TELL YO' BOSS AH IS JAILIN' YO' UP !!



YOU MEAN TO SAY THAT PROFESSOR FUMO IS THE CULPRIT WHO HAS BEEN FILCHING THE FAIR FOWLS OF YOUR DELIGHTFUL HAMLET!

NO! AH MERELY SED HE WAS SWIPING CHICKENS ---HE DONE CLEANED OUT FIVE HEN HOUSES!



FIVE HEN HOUSES BURGLARIZED! GAD, PROFESSOR, WHAT DID YOU DO WITH ALL THAT POULTRY?

MEBBE THIS WILL MAKE HIM TALK, HUH?

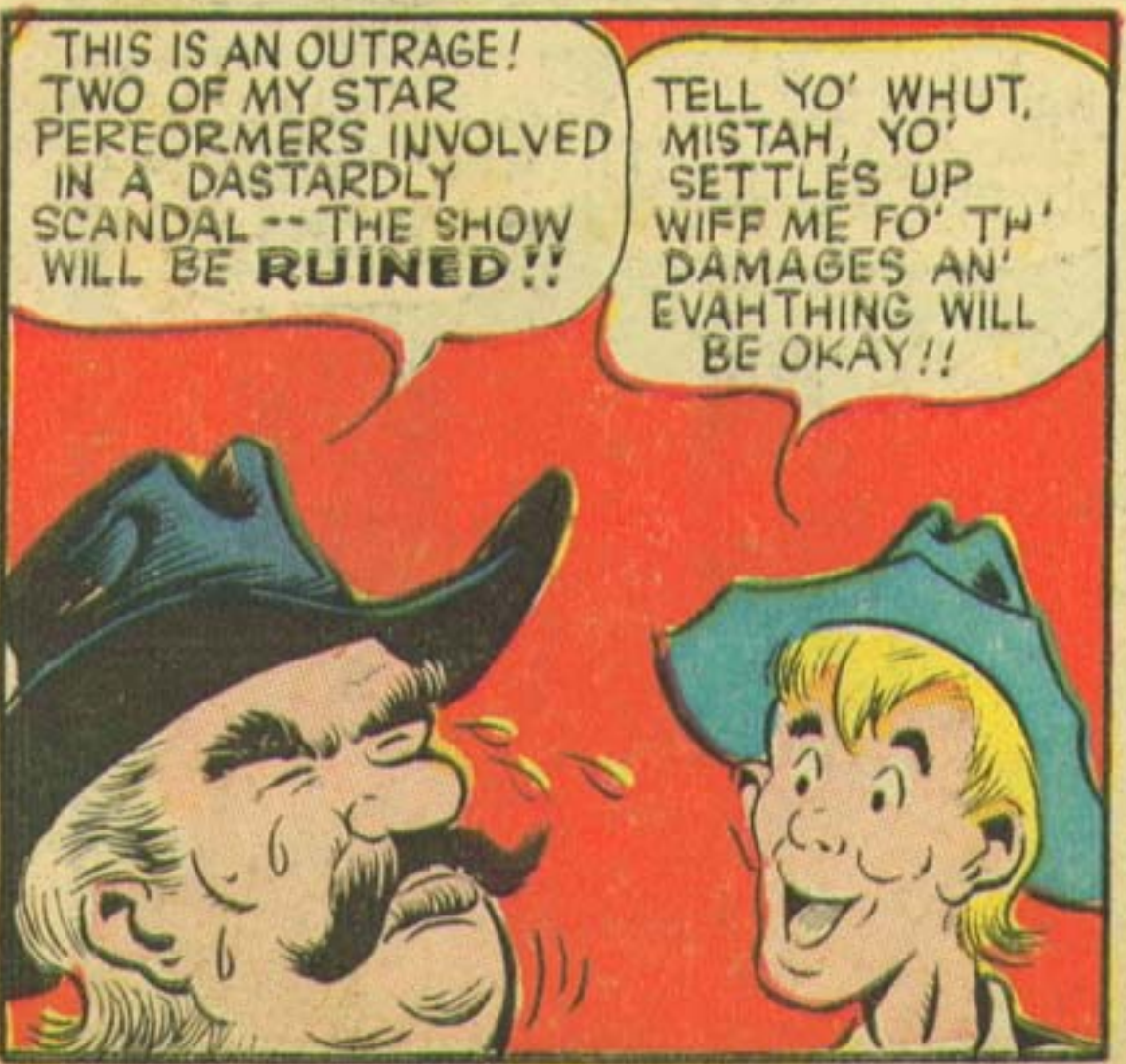
STOP! UNHAND HIM, YOU BRUTES!!

BAH!



WHY, ET'S FATIMA, THE FAT LADY!!

PROFESSOR FUMO DID IT FOR ME (SOB)!--I BEGAN LOSING WEIGHT--MY CAREER (SOB) WAS AT STAKE--S-SO I HIRED THE PROFESSOR TO KEEP ME SUPPLIED WITH CHICKEN FRICASSEE (SOB)!!



THIS IS AN OUTRAGE! TWO OF MY STAR PERFORMERS INVOLVED IN A DASTARDLY SCANDAL -- THE SHOW WILL BE RUINED!!

TELL YO' WHUT, MISTAH, YO' SETTLES UP WIFF ME FO' TH' DAMAGES AN' EVAHTHING WILL BE OKAY!!



VERY SPORTING OF YOU, MR. SHERIFF, INDEED I WILL ---!

RUN FOR YER LIVES -- THE PINK PLAGUE HAS BROKEN LOOSE!!!

The PINK PLAGUE! WHAT IS IT WHO IS IT WATCH FOR IT!!!

READERS' PAGE

WELL, HERE IT IS AGAIN--- YOUR FAVORITE CONTEST, WHERE YOU'VE A CHANCE TO WIN A PORTRAIT OF YOURSELF DRAWN BY ONE OF OUR CRACK ARTISTS AND WHERE YOU CAN'T POSSIBLY LOSE!

HERE'S HOW IT WORKS:

YOU SEND US A PHOTOGRAPH AND A LETTER TELLING US WHICH CHARACTER IN *TOP NOTCH LAUGH COMICS*, IS YOUR FAVORITE--- AND WHY. IF YOUR LETTER IS CHOSEN AS THE BEST AND SINCEREST RECEIVED OUR ARTIST WILL DRAW YOUR PORTRAIT, IF NOT, YOUR PICTURE WILL APPEAR ON THIS PAGE. THIS MONTH A PORTRAIT GOES TO---

THE WINNER!



JIMMY MILLIGAN, JR.
116 AMERICA ST.
ORLANDO, FLORIDA

HONORABLE MENTION

---AND HIS WINNING LETTER!

The character I like best in Top-Notch Laugh is Poley Baker. The reason is that the artist sure knows his stuff. He wants Poley to be funny and Poley is funny. All the other characters are so life-like that you almost expect them to step out of the magazine and speak to you. Their Poley Baker sure is great with me and my pals.

Jimmy Milligan, Jr.



RONALD JANKOWIAK
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MARION MAST
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SCRANTON, PA.



LEONA WILLIAMS
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BETTY OSBORNE
8807 COMMERCIAL AV.
SO. CHICAGO, ILL.



JEAN POSTON
410 WEST UNION ST.
ATHENS, OHIO.

KEEP THOSE LETTERS AND PHOTOS COMING!

THE

BLACK HOOD

MAN OF MYSTERY

REGISTERED UNITED STATES PATENT OFFICE



ATTENTION READERS!

FROM THE BEGINNING OF TIME SOME MEN HAVE DARED TO PROBE THE MYSTERIES OF LIFE AND DEATH. STRANGE AND WEIRD TALES HAVE BEEN TOLD OF THE NIGHTMARISH MONSTERS WHICH HAVE BEEN BROUGHT BACK FROM THE GRAVE THIS MONTH WE GIVE YOU ONE OF MY MOST GRUESOME ADVENTURES IN THE STORY OF 'THE DOCTOR WHO WAS TWINS' *The Black Hood*

IT'S WELL AFTER MIDNIGHT--- DOCTOR JACOBS, THE HEAD OF A SMALL MEDICAL SCHOOL, IS WORKING LATE IN HIS OFFICE WHEN---

WHO'S THERE?
OH, HENDRICKS
COME IN!

THE BODY FOR DISSECTION IS
HERE, DOCTOR, THE GUARDS
WANT TO SEE THAT
IT'S TURNED OVER
TO YOU, PERSONALLY!

OF COURSE!
I'LL BE
RIGHT OUT!



HERE'S YER
STIFF, DOC!
WHERE DO
WE DUMP 'M?

IN THE
MORGUE,
PLEASE--RIGHT
THROUGH
THERE!



OKAY! YOU'RE THE DOCTOR!
HA/HA!-- WILL YOU SIGN
FOR THIS, DOC?



WELL, HE'S ALL YOURS
NOW! HAVE FUN
WITH HIM!

STATE
PRISON



MERCIFUL
GOD!
IT CANT
BE!--

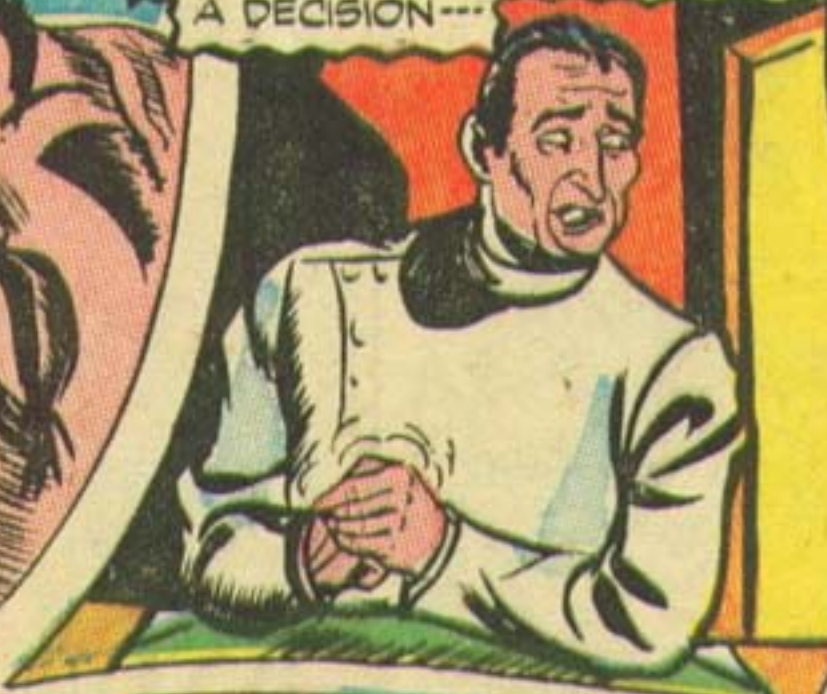


NOW, YOU POOR DEVIL,
LET'S HAVE A LOOK
AT YOU!

DOCTOR JACOBS STARTS PACE STARING... THE FACE UNDER THE SHEET IS ALMOST IDENTICAL WITH HIS OWN!

STUMBLING INTO HIS LAB, HE COLLAPSED WEAKLY INTO A CHAIR. FOR NEARLY HALF AN HOUR HE SEEMED TO BE URGING HIMSELF TOWARD A DECISION---

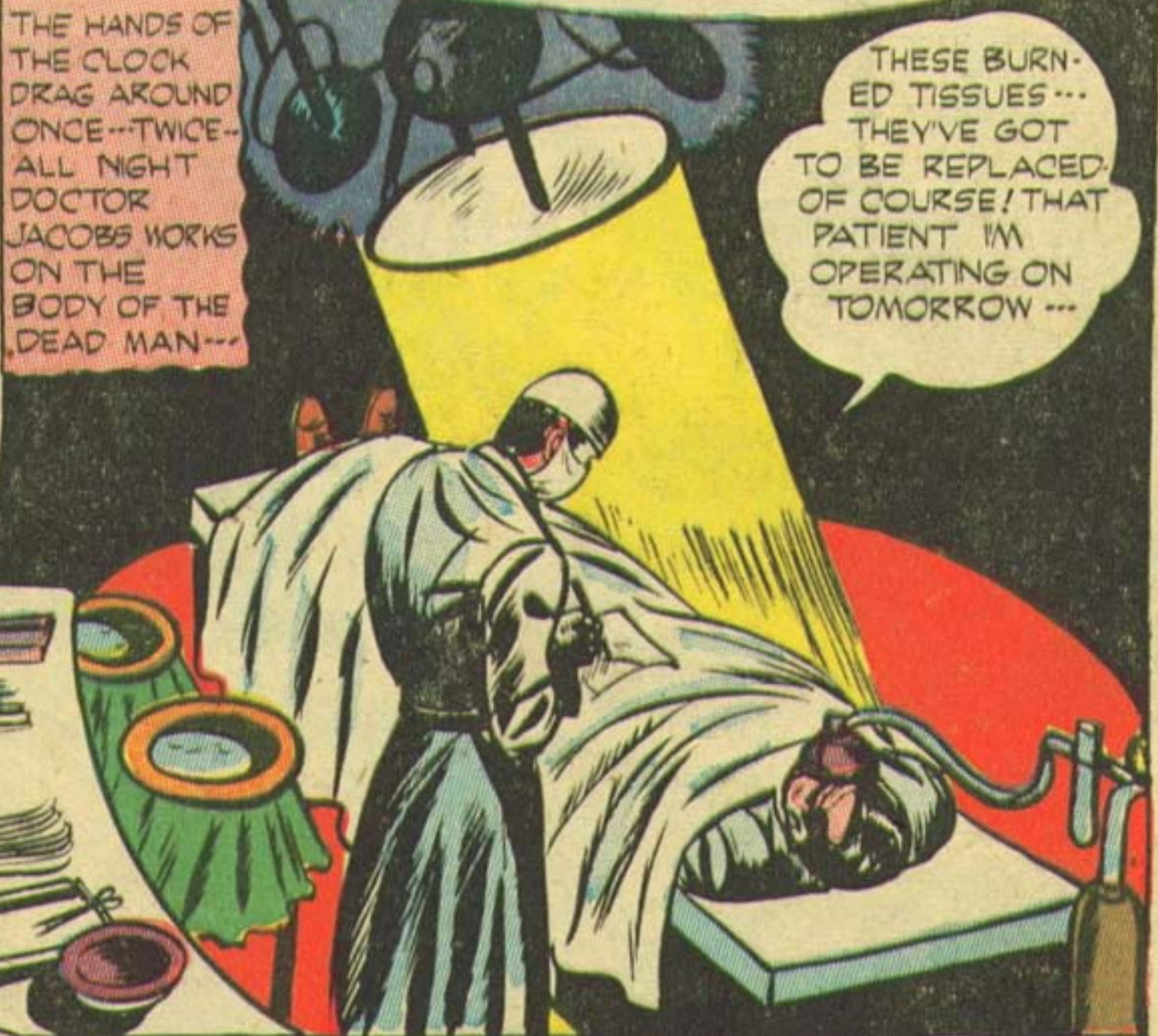
I CAN'T DISSECT THIS BODY! I'VE GOT TO MAKE IT LIVE! IF I'M CAUGHT IT'LL BE MEAN THE END OF MY CAREER! BUT I'VE GOT TO DO IT!



HENDRICKS HAS GONE HOME-- THERE'S NO ONE HERE TO FIND OUT!-- WELL HERE GOES!

THE HANDS OF THE CLOCK DRAG AROUND ONCE--TWICE-- ALL NIGHT DOCTOR JACOBS WORKS ON THE BODY OF THE DEAD MAN---

THESE BURNED TISSUES... THEY'VE GOT TO BE REPLACED. OF COURSE! THAT PATIENT I'M OPERATING ON TOMORROW ---



TSK, TSK! FOUR O'CLOCK AND STILL WORKING! THOSE MEDICOS SURE EARN THEIR DOUGH!

THE NEXT DAY AT BARBARA SUTTON'S HOME-- GEE, BABS, IT SURE IS GOOD TO SEE YOU AGAIN-- BUT I THOUGHT, BY THIS TIME, YOU AND KIP WOULD BE---

AHEM! TELL ME, KAY, DARLING, HOW DO YOU LIKE YOUR NURSE'S TRAINING COURSE?





OH, IT'S *SWELL!* HONEST, I DON'T KNOW WHEN I'VE HAD SO MUCH *FUN!* AND DOCTOR JACOBS IS THE *CUTEST MAN!*

SAY! COME TO THINK OF IT, THE DOCTORS OPERATING TODAY! IT'S A DEMONSTRATION TOO! I'D LOVE IT IF YOU COULD BOTH COME!

THAT SOUNDS SUPER! HOW ABOUT IT, KIP?



NO, THANKS! COUNT ME OUT! BESIDES, I MIGHT NOT STAND THE COMPETITION IF THIS DOCTOR IS AS CHARMING AS YOU SAY!

OH, IS THAT SO! NOW YOU LISTEN TO ME, KIP BURLAND! YOU'RE TAKING ME WHETHER YOU LIKE IT OR NOT!

WHO, ME? THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK!



DOCTOR JACOBS IS ONE OF THE FINEST SURGEONS IN THE PROFESSION! LOOK--THERE HE COMES NOW!



LATER. I'M SO GLAD YOU CHANGED YOUR MIND! WELL, HERE IS THE 'CARVING COLLEGE'

I CAN HARDLY WAIT!



--- AND ALWAYS REMEMBER THE SIMPLEST CASE MAY PRESENT COMPLICATIONS! YOU NEVER CAN TELL!

HAGGARD FROM LACK OF SLEEP, THE DOCTOR ENTERS THE OPERATING THEATER---



--- AND MAKES A FEW BRIEF REMARKS TO THE STUDENTS---



... FORCEPS. PLEASE--
SCALPEL--- I
SAID GIVE ME
THE SCALPEL!

BUT,
DOCTOR---

WHAT'S THE
MATTER WITH
THE DOCTOR?--
LOOK AT HIS
HANDS!

H--HE'S
SHAKING ALL
OVER!

ARE YOU
ALL RIGHT,
DOCTOR?

WHY ARE YOU SO
ROUGH, DOCTOR?
LOOK OUT!
YOU'RE CUTTING
THE ARTERY!

IT'S TOO LATE,
HE'S DEAD!

OF--OF COURSE HE'S
DEAD! VERY ODD COM-
PLICATIONS! TAKE HIM
INTO MY
LAB!



BUT DOCTOR--

DO AS I SAY! HURRY! I WANT
TO MAKE A THOROUGH
EXAMINATION!

I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT!
DOCTOR JACOBS SEEMED
SO--SO TENSE--AS IF HE
WERE UPSET ABOUT
SOMETHING!



BUT IT'S PROBABLY JUST MY
IMAGINATION! COME ON, I'LL
INTRODUCE YOU TO
HIM!

OH, DOCTOR--
MAY I SEE
YOU FOR A
MOMENT?

NOT NOW! CAN'T YOU
SEE I'M BUSY! LEAVE
ME ALONE!



I'M AFRAID YOU HAVEN'T HAD A VERY PLEASANT VISIT! I GUESS THE DOCTOR ISN'T FEELING VERY WELL!



THAT'S ALL RIGHT, KAY! WE HAVE TO BE RUNNING, ANYWAY!



LATER AT BARBARA SUTTON'S---

WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOU, KIP? YOU'VE BEEN SCOWLING AND MUMBLING ALL AFTERNOON!

SORRY, BABS... BUT SOMETHING'S BEEN BOTHERING ME-- AND I THINK IT'S BEGINNING TO CLEAR UP NOW IN MY MIND. BABS--THE **BLACK HOOD** IS GOING TO PAY THE WARDEN OF THE CENTRAL PRISON A VISIT!



WARDEN! DO YOU HAVE A PICTURE OF CHICK ROSS IN YOUR FILES?

ROSS? HE WAS EXECUTED LAST NIGHT!



LET'S SEE-- ROBERTS--ROSEN-- ROSS! HERE'S YOUR MAN!



MAY I HAVE A LOOK AT HIM, WARDEN?



AMAZING! IF IT WERENT FOR THE MUSTACHE---



DO YOU KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT ROSS'S EARLY CAREER?

NOT MUCH--- I THINK HE USED TO BE A SURGEON! THAT WAS YEARS AGO, THOUGH!



FOR SOME REASON, HE LOST HIS LICENSE! THEN HE TURNED TO CRIME!

HMMM! I SEE! DO YOU KNOW WHERE THE BODY IS NOW?



THE BODY? WHY, YES! WE SENT IT TO THE RAUT MEDICAL SCHOOL!



HOLY SMOKES! WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL ME THAT BEFORE?



MEANWHILE I WONDER IF DOCTOR JACOBS HAS GOTTEN OVER HIS

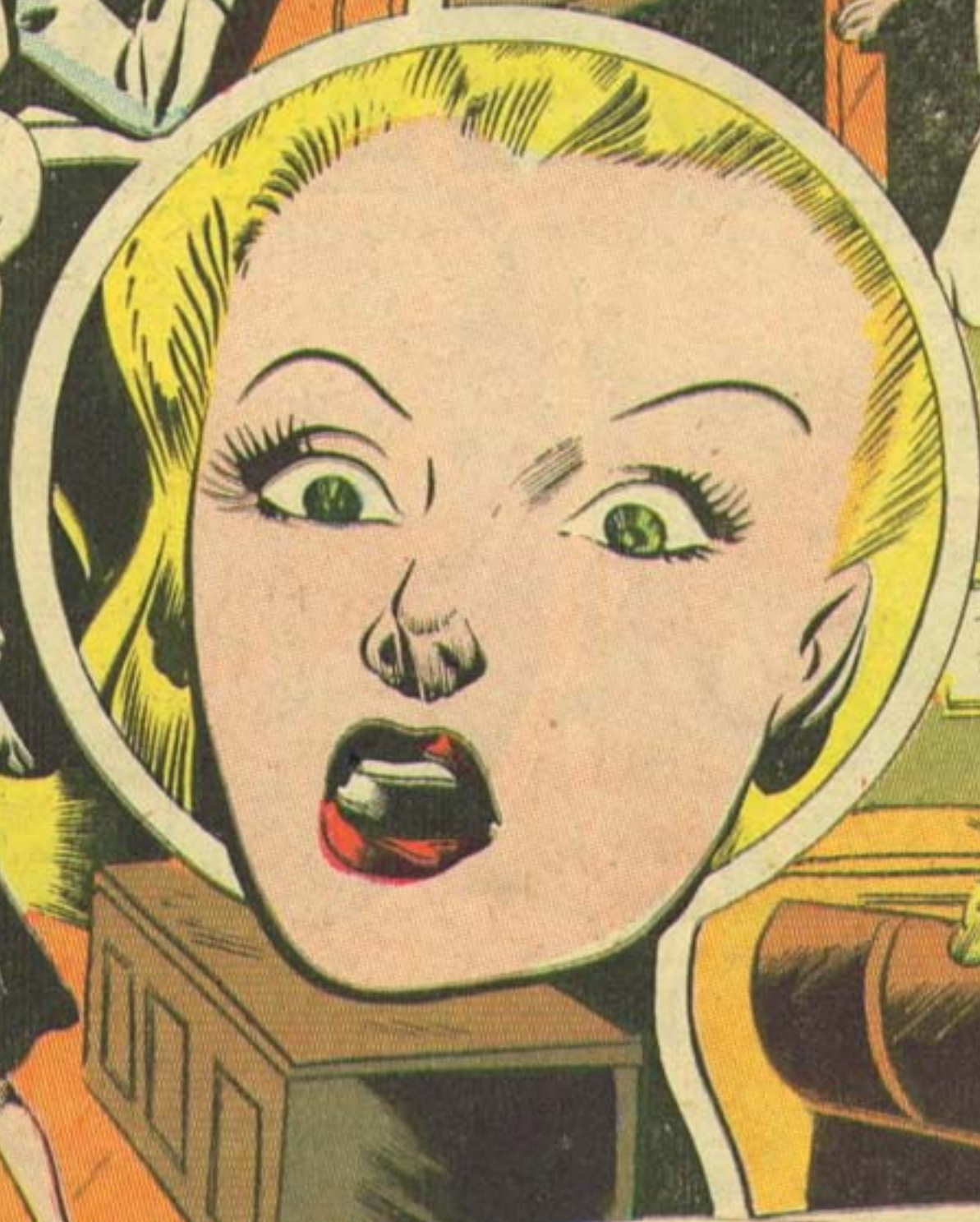
GROUCH! HE'S GOT SOME TALL APOLOGIZING TO DO!



V-WHY---HE'S NOT HERE! OH SURE! HE MUST BE IN HIS LAB!



THERE'S THE DOCTOR'S OLD TRUNK THAT HE'S ALWAYS JOKING ABOUT! WHAT'S IT DOING OUT HERE? I WONDER IF IT WOULD BE WICKED OF ME TO PEEK?



OOOHHH!!

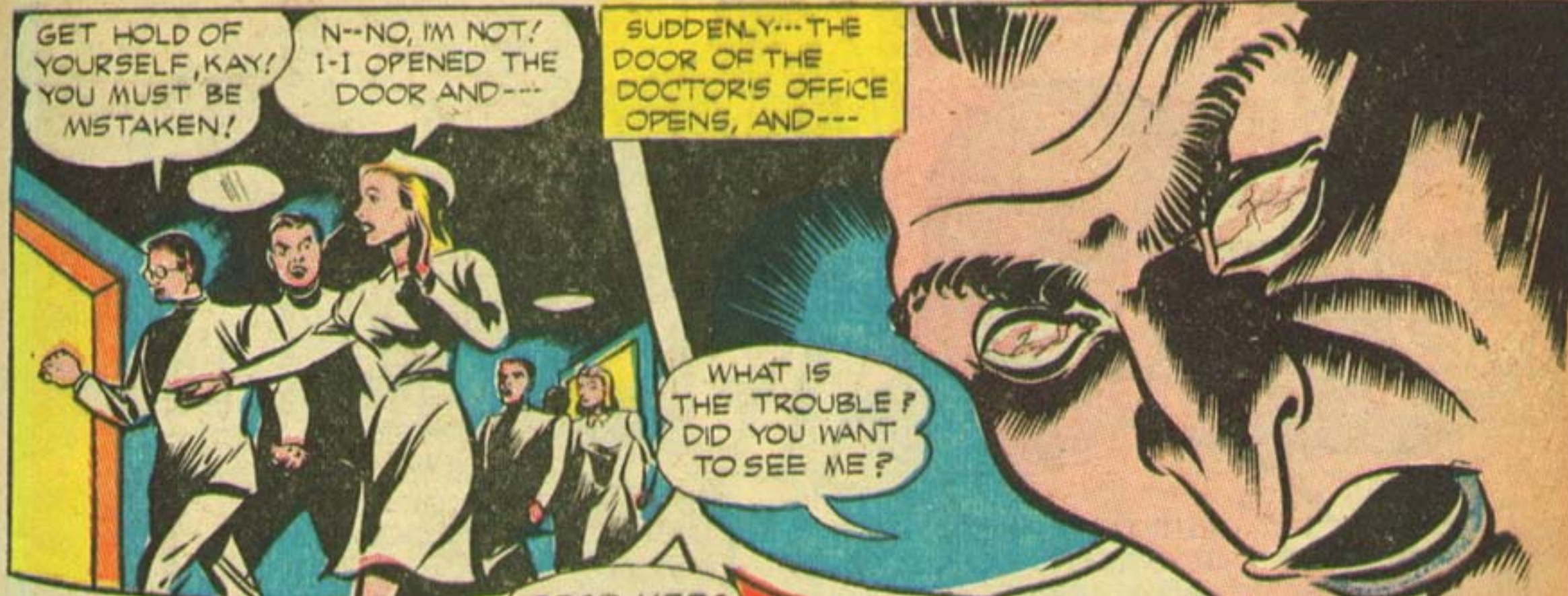


OH, HOW HORRIBLE! THE DOCTOR! HE'S---HE'S---



D-DOCTOR JACOBS! HE'S DEAD!! AND THERE'S B-BLOOD ALL OVER--- OH, IT'S AWFUL!





GET HOLD OF YOURSELF, KAY! YOU MUST BE MISTAKEN!

N--NO, I'M NOT! I-I OPENED THE DOOR AND---

SUDDENLY...THE DOOR OF THE DOCTOR'S OFFICE OPENS, AND---

WHAT IS THE TROUBLE? DID YOU WANT TO SEE ME?



OOOOH!

GRAB HER! SHE'S FAINTED!

SHE MUST HAVE BEEN WORKING TOO HARD!--- DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT-- I'LL TAKE CARE OF HER!



WONDER WHAT MADE HER THINK THE DOC WAS DEAD? SHE MUST BE SCREWY!

OH--- YOU TWO MEN! I HAVE A TRUNKFUL OF ER-- OLD JUNK! WILL YOU TAKE IT TO MY HOME IN THE VAN!

A FEW MINUTES LATER THE BLACK HOOD ARRIVES AT THE HOSPITAL...

QUICK! WHERE'S DOCTOR JACOBS?



WHEW! WHAT'S OLD JACOBS GOT IN HERE ANYWAY? ANVILS?

I'LL SAY! HE MUST BE COLLECTING HIS OLD SCRAP!

HE'S NOT HERE! ONE OF THE NURSES FAINTED AND HE TOOK HER HOME! SHE THOUGHT HE WAS DEAD!

SHE THOUGHT HE WAS... SAY!

LOOK AT YOURSELF! YOU'RE COVERED WITH BLOOD! HOW DID THAT HAPPEN?

HUH? DARNED IF I KNOW!

I PUT THIS UNIFORM ON FRESH THIS AFTERNOON TOO!-- WENT TO AN INTERNE'S MEETING-- THEN I HELPED CARRY THAT TRUNK FOR DOC JACOBS---

TRUNK? WHAT TRUNK?

IT WAS RIGHT HERE IN THE CORNER AND-- GOOD LORD! BLOOD!!

MEANWHILE AT DOCTOR JACOBS' HOME A STRANGE SCENE IS BEING ENACTED!

OOOHH!

AHHH! ARE YOU FEELING BETTER, MY DEAR?

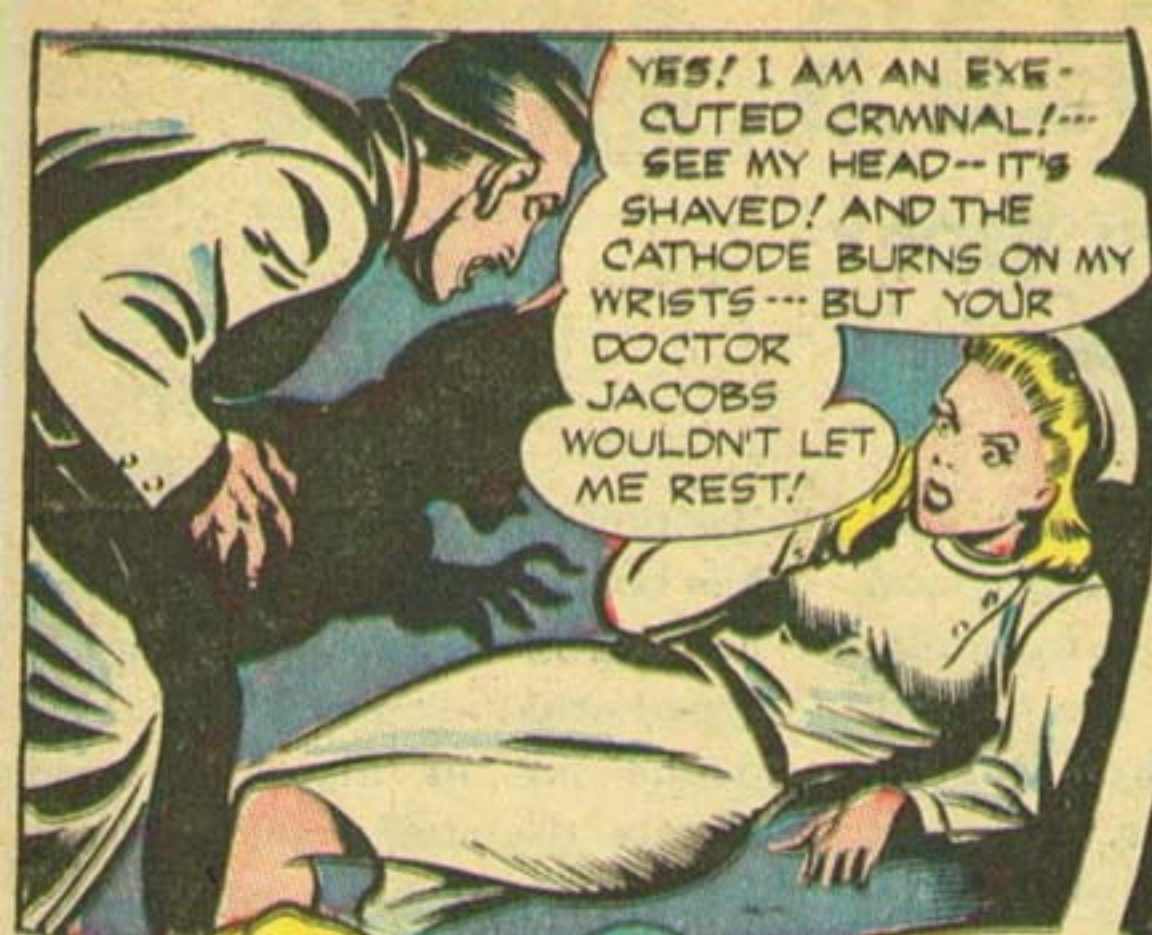
THE BACK OF HIS HEAD-- IT'S SHAVED AND THOSE BURNS!

SO YOU THOUGHT I WAS DEAD?

H-H-E'S GOING TO KILL ME-- I KNOW IT! IF I CAN ONLY STALL FOR TIME!

WH-WHY, NO, DOCTOR-- I M-MUST HAVE BEEN MISTAKEN!

BUT THE BODY YOU SAW IN THE TRUNK-- THAT WAS NO MISTAKE, WAS IT?



YES! I AM AN EYE-CUTED CRIMINAL!-- SEE MY HEAD-- IT'S SHAVED! AND THE CATHODE BURNS ON MY WRISTS!-- BUT YOUR DOCTOR JACOBS WOULDN'T LET ME REST!



BUT YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE WHO KNOWS AND SO YOU ARE GOING TO DIE--



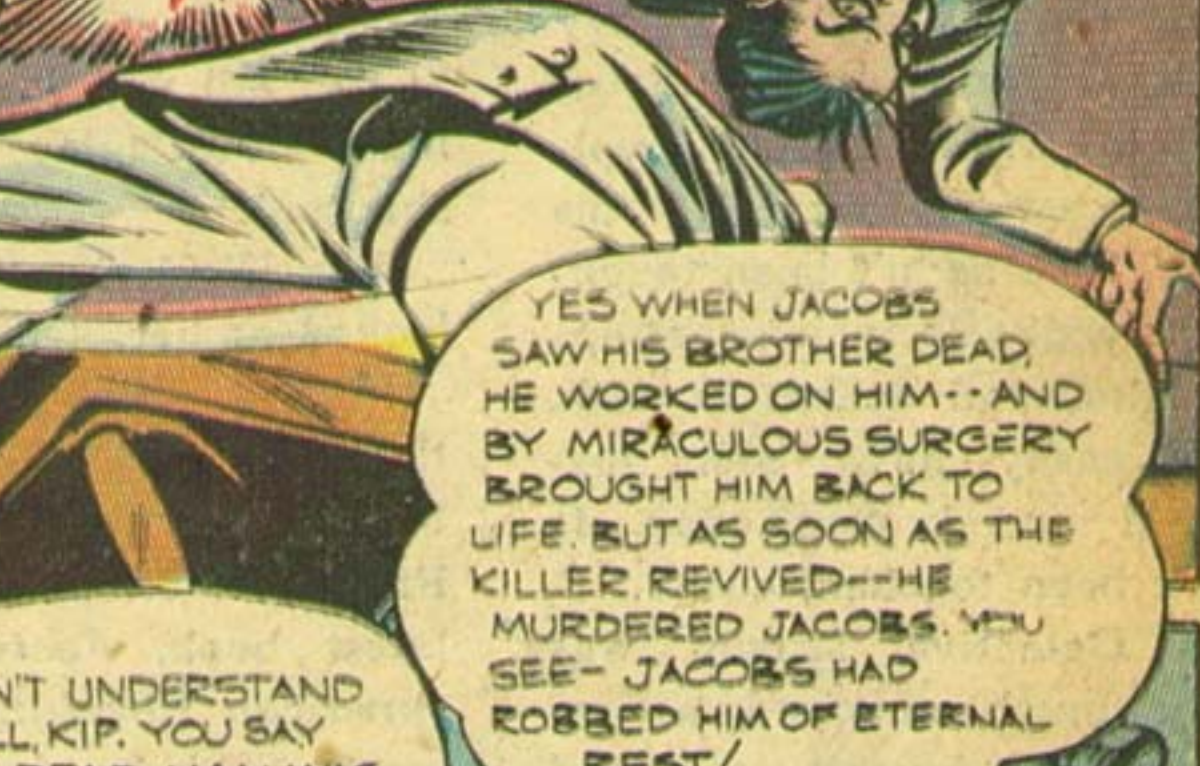
GET AWAY FROM THAT GIRL, YOU MONSTER!



WHACK



HOOD, WE GOT HERE AS SOON AS WE GOT YOUR PHONE CALL-- HOLY MACKEREL!



SAM

YES WHEN JACOBS SAW HIS BROTHER DEAD, HE WORKED ON HIM-- AND BY MIRACULOUS SURGERY BROUGHT HIM BACK TO LIFE. BUT AS SOON AS THE KILLER REVIVED-- HE MURDERED JACOBS. YOU SEE-- JACOBS HAD ROBBED HIM OF ETERNAL REST!



YOU'VE GOT NOTHING ON ME, WHOEVER YOU ARE! I CAN'T BE EXECUTED TWICE FOR THE SAME--

THE SAME CRIME? OH NO! YOU'LL DIE FOR THE MURDER OF DR. JACOBS, YOUR BROTHER!

I DON'T UNDERSTAND IT ALL, KIP. YOU SAY THE DEAD MAN WAS DR. JACOBS'S BROTHER?



the END

BENEDICT ARNOLD'S SHOES

A BLACK HOOD STORY

by SCOTT FELDMAN

PROFESSOR Ralph McCauley, the well-known historian and authority on the American Revolution, had no enemies. A hundred people, each of them world-famous and thoroughly reliable, would swear to this fact. He was a gentle, scholarly old man who spent most of his time among his books and rarely if ever left his home. He had no enemies and no one on earth had reason to do him harm.

That was why the police were so shocked when Eric McCauley, the professor's nephew, phoned and told them that he had just discovered his uncle lying on his study floor with a bullet through his head.

It might have been robbery, but it wasn't. Ralph McCauley had books worth thousands of dollars—early American volumes—scattered across his desk. These hadn't been touched. His wall safe, which contained a thousand dollars in cash, could easily have been discovered and broken open. It hadn't been touched, either.

So Detective Larson was pretty much annoyed at receiving this difficult case, and he took his anger out on Sgt. McGinty, who had been assigned to work with him.

Finally McGinty, in desperation, suggested that The Black Hood might be able to help figure things out. That's how The Black Hood came into the case.

already been there when The Black Hood arrived. The Hood examined the body carefully. From the angle of the wound, somebody had entered through the rear study door, and shot down right through the back of McCauley's head.

"What time did he die?" The Black Hood asked the coroner.

The coroner twisted his face thoughtfully. "Hard to tell," he said. "No more than two hours ago—no less than a half hour ago."

Suddenly, the door burst open, and a young lady rushed into the room. The policeman who had been assigned to guard the front door followed her, protesting loudly.

The lady pushed him away. "I can tell you what time Professor McCauley was shot," she said.

The Black Hood turned and looked at her. "How?" he said.

"I'm a public stenographer," the girl said. "Name's Ruth Martin. I've been working with Professor McCauley on his latest book, *Facts about the American Revolution* . . . typing from his hand-written script and occasionally taking straight dictation. I work in a public stenographer's office on the other end of town—work till ten each night. That's how I know what time the professor was shot." She paused impressively. "The professor and I have—uh—had a peculiar arrangement. Sometimes when

the professor did more work on his book after I left him and he wanted to get the chapter typed that same night, he'd phone me at my office and dictate the stuff right over the phone. That's what he was doing tonight—when someone came in and shot him. I heard it right over the phone."

"Very interesting," said The Black Hood.

"Yes," said the girl. "I heard it right over the phone. I told Agnes and Ethel—those are two of the girls who work with me—and they said I must have been mistaken. 'Course I wasn't sure enough to call the police; didn't want to make a fool of myself—but I rushed right down here . . . and I see that I was right. Hmph! Telling me I can't believe my own ears."

"What time did you hear the shot?" asked The Hood.

"The time," Ruth Martin said, "was one minute before ten. Exactly forty-six minutes ago. That's how long it takes to get here by subway."

Eric McCauley had been listening to all this in silence. Now he rushed forward, clutched The Black Hood's arm, and said, "There! That proves the big flatfoot is cockeyed."

"I don't understand," said The Black Hood. He turned to Larson. "What's it all about, Larson?"

Larson looked sheepish. "Well, it's this way, Hood. I kinda figured this guy here had something to do with it. You

The police photographers had

know—one of them family quarrels. He's the only one who lived here with the Prof. and he's the only one who has a key. But he has an alibi from 9:45 on—he was seen by over 10 people in a bar miles away—and if the murder was committed at a minute before 10—well, I don't know what to say."

"I see," said The Black Hood. "Miss Martin, are you sure it was Professor McCauley's voice you heard on the phone?"

Ruth Martin nodded her head positively. "No doubt about it. I've heard his voice on the phone often enough."

The Black Hood frowned. There was a simple solution to all this. There must be. . . .

Suddenly he started. "A question, Larson. Was there only one bullet fired?"

Larson shook his head. "Yes. Just one bullet. No other one in the wall or anything."

"That fits," said The Hood. "This is really incredibly simple. Now if I can only find the proof. . . ." He frowned thoughtfully. "Maybe. . . maybe. . . ." He turned to Ruth Martin. "Do you have the transcript of the dictation Professor McCauley gave you?"

Ruth nodded.

"Then read it to me."

"We were up to Benedict Arnold," Ruth Martin said. She cleared her throat and started:

"Arnold was mad with rage. He felt that he had been played the fool. Quickly he pushed his stockinged feet into his shoes, tied his laces, and stamped out of his house. He had decided to join the British!"

"That's enough," The Black Hood said. "I hoped that the

killer would be dumb enough to make a mistake of this sort—and I was in luck. Right at the beginning."

Larson had been examining the manuscript on Professor McCauley's desk. "Hey, Hood," he burst out, "this manuscript don't say nothing like that."

Ruth Martin walked over to the manuscript and, gingerly, examined it, too. "Why, this is the section we worked on this afternoon. The dictation I received starts where this ends. The man who did the killing must have stolen it."

"Not quite," The Hood said. He turned to Larson. "Put the cuffs on friend Eric there."

Eric leaped back, but Larson clipped him once, hard, and slapped the cuffs on him. Then he turned to The Hood and said, plaintively, "I don't get it, Hood. I don't get it at all."

"Here's how it all happened," The Hood said. "I can't tell you the exact time, but considerably before Eric McCauley's alibi starts, at 9:45, he entered this house and shot his uncle. Your family quarrel angle is probably right, Larson—I've read newspaper pieces often enough about Eric's play-boy stunts, and I guess the Professor refused to give Eric money. So Eric went out, got tanked up, and came back and murdered his uncle."

"But the voice—and the shot I heard? How about that?" Ruth Martin demanded.

"Well," said The Hood, "after the murder, Eric got into his car, drove speedily to the barroom and proceeded to make himself seen by all. Then he went into a phone booth—one of those new soundproof booths where people on the

outside can't hear sounds made on the inside—and proceeded to apparently dictate material for his book. The family voice resemblance and the natural distortion of any voice over a telephone wire made you think it was his uncle. Then, keeping the booth window covered with his back, he fired a silenced gun, and the bullet went into the wall. On three counts—the soundproof booth; the silenced gun; and the noise made by people outside the booth—he knew that the shot wouldn't be heard. After that he hung up, stayed with the people in the barroom a few more minutes, and then went home to 'discover' his uncle's body. Being the only one who lived in the house, he knew he had to be the one to discover it. He probably planned to dig the bullet out of the wall some time in the future."

Larson scratched his head. "I can understand, if you've broken the alibi, how you know Eric was the one who did it—since he was the only one who had a key to the house. . . . but how did you break the alibi? I don't see nothin' wrong with that Benedict Arnold stuff."

* The Black Hood smiled. "The American Revolution is one of my favorite historical periods," he said, "and I'm pretty familiar with every phase of it. Note that the dictation said Arnold tied his *shoes*—shoes. . . . plural. Professor McCauley would never make a mistake like this. Benedict Arnold could have tied only *one* shoe. By the time Arnold decided to join the British, he had only one leg. The other had been shot off in a battle shortly before that."

Señor Siesta

by Don Dean.

ONCE AGAIN THE CURTAIN RISES ON OUR GOOD NEIGHBORS, SEÑOR SIESTA AND SANCHO, THE DUSKY GENTLEMEN WHO ARE ALWAYS ONE OF TWO THINGS, HUNGRY--THIRSTY --- OR **BOTH** !!

CARAMBA! I AM SO HUNGRY I COULD EAT THEES RAW, BUT THE MUSHROOM AN' THE TOADSTOOL, SHE LOOK SO MOOCH THE SAME!

PHOOF! EES SIMPLE TO TELL APART, SENOR SIESTA! YOU **EAT** THEM--THEN EEF YOU WAKE UP MAÑANA-- THEY ARE MUSHROOMS! HO! HO! HO!



WELL, SANCHO? WHEECH WAY DO WE MAKE WEETH?

SIMPLE AGAIN, AMIGO, LOOK! -- THEY ARE **HIRING** SEÑORS IN BLANCA -- SO WE TAKE THE **OPPOSEET** DIRECTION, SI?



BAH! ALL THEES WALKING EES SO FOOLISH--LET US THUMB HITCH AMERICANO STYLE!

HOKAY! SOME WHERE I SEE THE AMERICANOS DO EET THEES WAY!



BAH! EES NO GOOD--MAYBE??

ZOOM



LOOK, SANCHO! SOMTHEENG FALL OFF HEES TRUCK--
HEY, SENOR, STOOP! STOOP!



HE DEED NOT HEAR YOU!-- WHAT EES EET, SIESTA? OPEN EET **QUEEK!**

HO!HO!HO! EET MUS' BE HEES **LUNCH**--EET FEELS LIKE **TAMALES**--MANY TAMALES!



WHOO LA! LUCK SHE EES WEETH US--GIVE ME MY SHARE!! (DROOL!)

WA-??? EES NOT TAMALES, SANCHO--ONLY FOONY RED STEEKS--



WHAT EVER THEY EES-- THEY TASTE VER' BAD--PHOO! (SPAT!)

SI! TO HADES WEETH THEM!



COME NOW, WE WEEL GEET ON OUR WAY!



BOOM



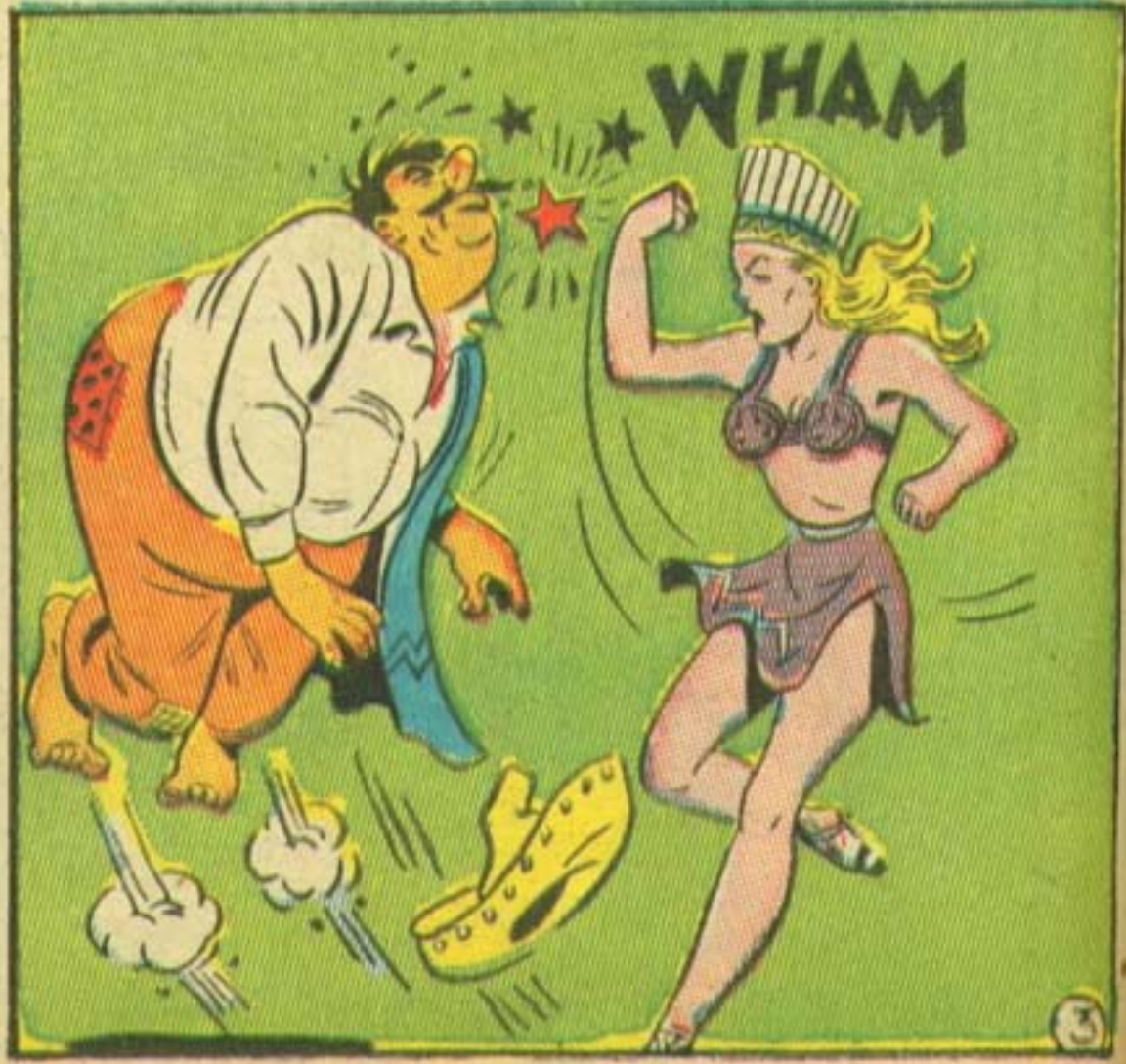
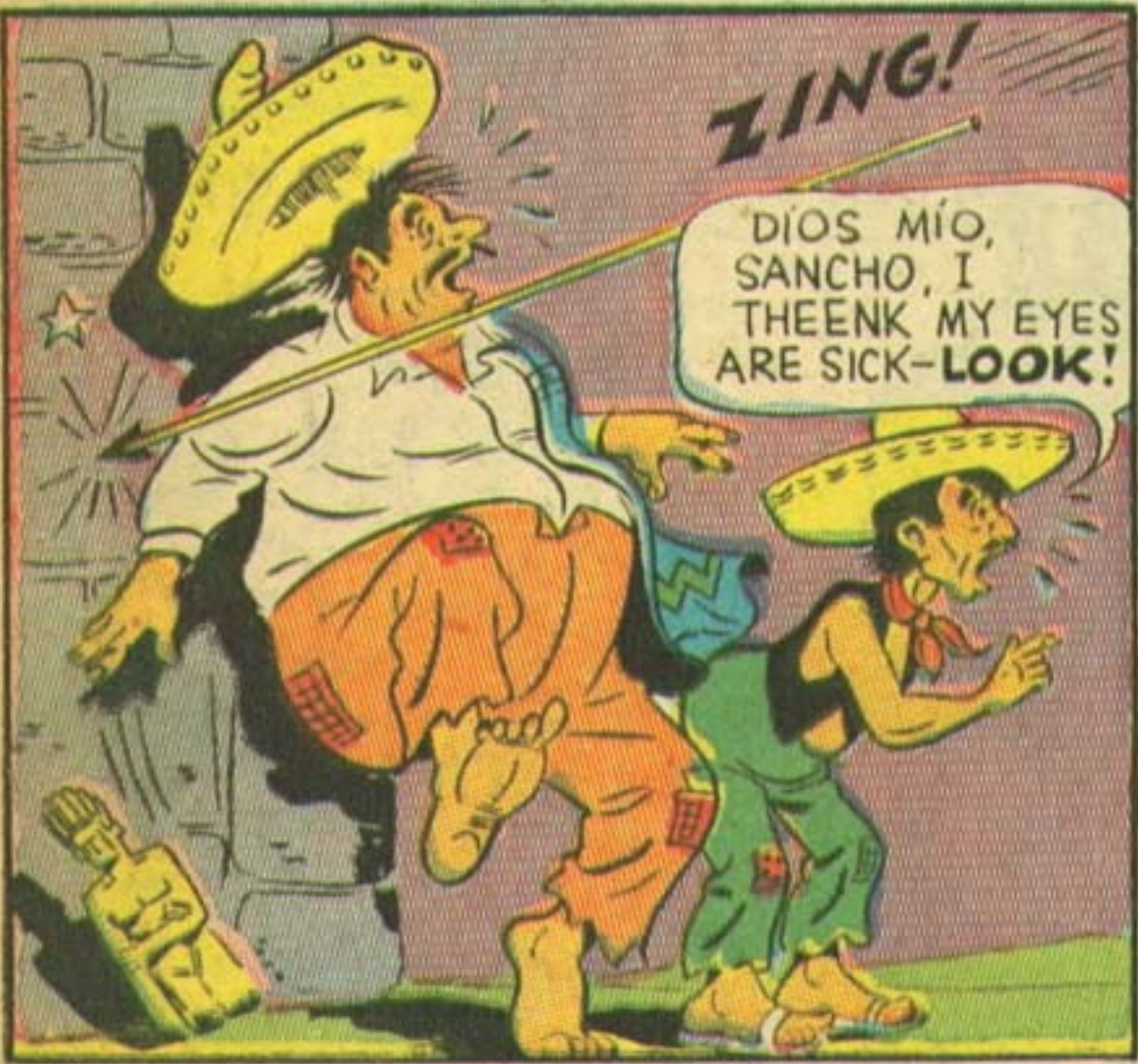
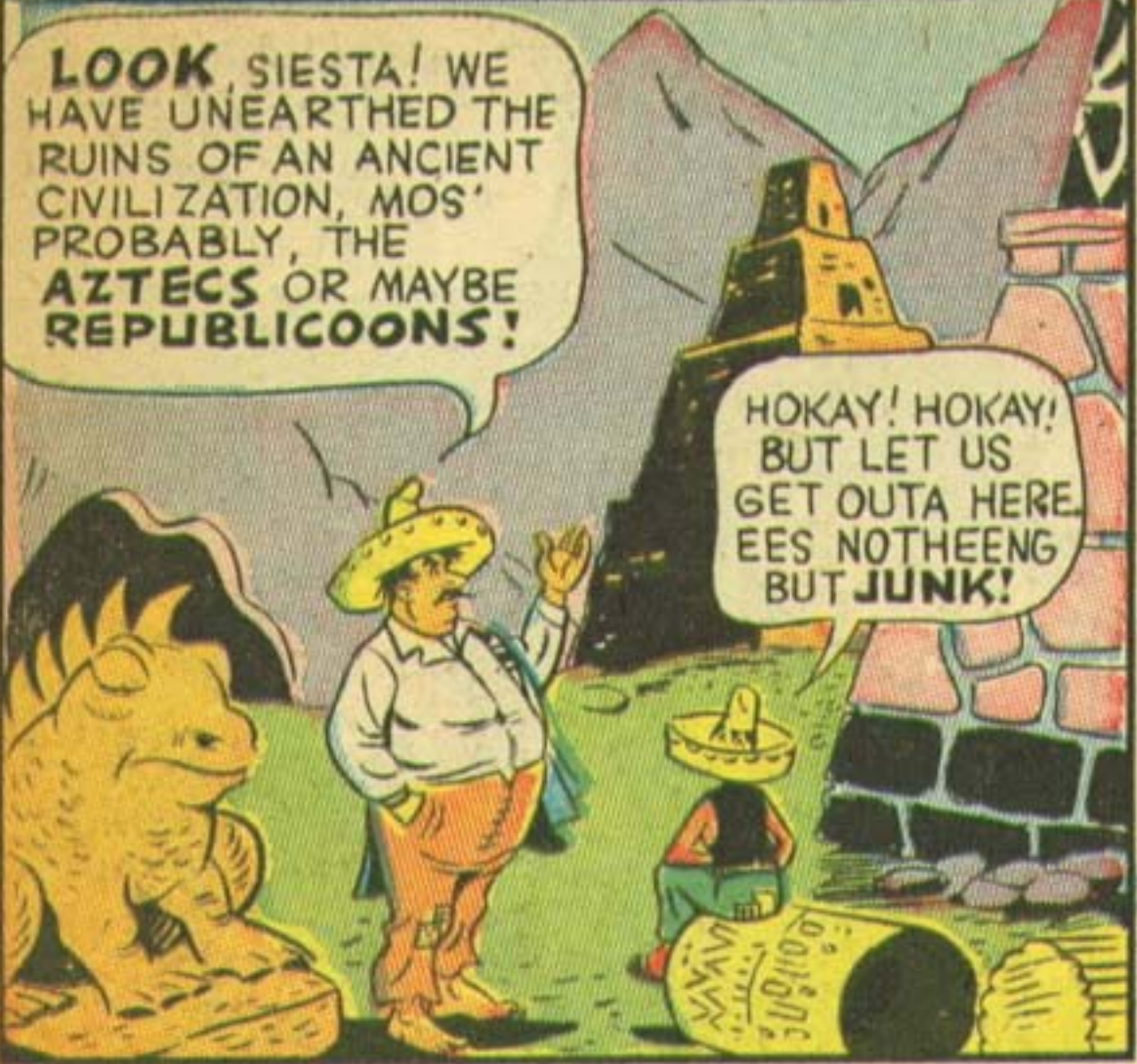
HOLY SANTA S'MOSES! MAYBE THEY WERE FULLA **VITAMINS** AFTER ALL, EH, SIESTA?

SOMETHEENG EES GOOD OR BAD-- BUT LOOK! EET HAS OPENED OOP THE MOUNTAIN SIDE--DIOS MIO!



A CITY!!

SOME WAN EES VER' BAD HOUSE-KEEPER, NO?



YOU MUST LEARN
YOUR PLACE,
INTRUDING DOG,
--HERE MEN ARE
BUT MERE
SLAVES!



COME! WE SHALL
MARCH THE
TRESPASSERS TO
THE PALACE OF OUR
FAIR EMPRESS!

SOOCH A
COUNTRY!
CARAMBA!



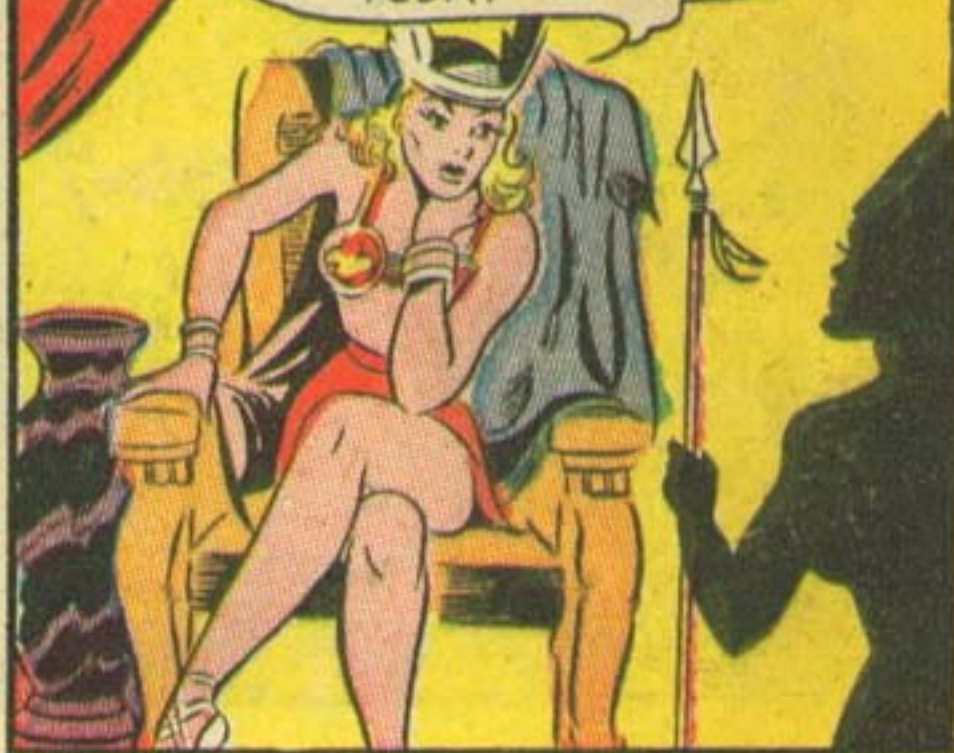
WHAT UNEARTHLY
BEINGS ARE THESE
BEFORE THE EYES
OF EMPRESS
NINKA?



TRAVELERS FROM
A STRANGE
LAND, OH GREAT
ONE! SHALL I
HAVE THEM
SHACKLED AND
PUT TO THE
DRUDGERY
THAT SO BECOMES
THEIR SEX?



NO! I FORBID IT! SINCE
THEY ARE NOT OF OUR MEN
FOLK THEY SHALL BE
RECEIVED AS
HONORED GUESTS
TODAY-----



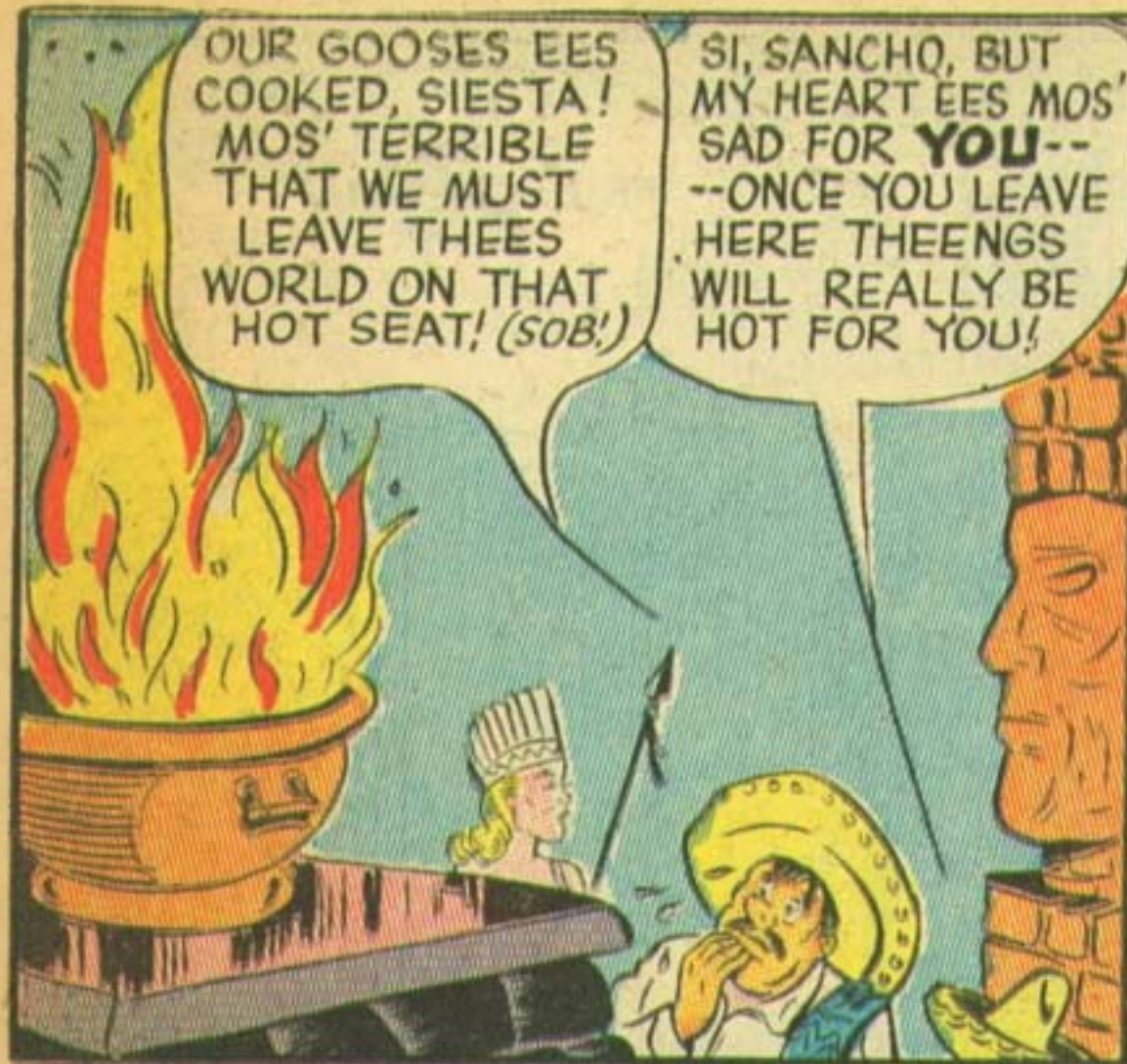
**YIPPO!
BRAVO!**

YAAAAA!
FOR YOU,
SENORITA
SOLDIER!



--- FOR TOMORROW'S SUN
SHALL SEE THEIR ASHES
ON THE SACRED ALTAR
OF SACRIFICE !!





OUR GOOSES EES COOKED, SIESTA! MOS' TERRIBLE THAT WE MUST LEAVE THEES WORLD ON THAT HOT SEAT! (SOB!)

SI, SANCHO, BUT MY HEART EES MOS' SAD FOR YOU-- --ONCE YOU LEAVE HERE THEENGs WILL REALLY BE HOT FOR YOU!



COME, GENTLEMEN! DO NOT GRIEVE OF YOUR FATES--- LET THERE BE MERRIMENT! OUR BANQUET TABLES WEIGH HEAVY WITH THE PLEASURES FOR YOUR PALATES!!

NOW SHE TELLS US!



A FOONY THEENG EES MY APPETITE! NOW SHE EES VAMOOSSED! EEF I EAT I MIGHT GEET THE HEART BURN!

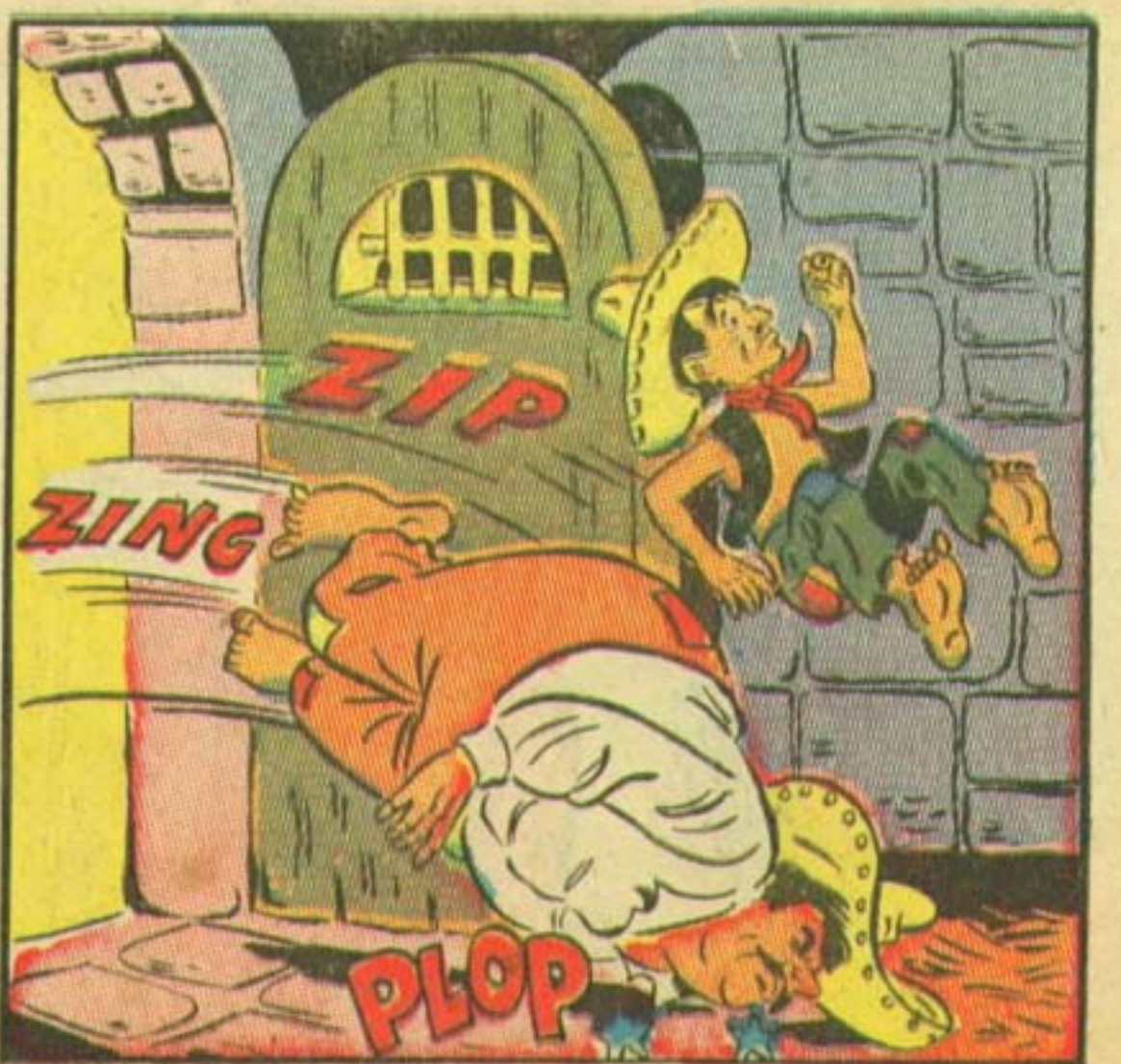


I WONDER IF THEY WEEL STEECK AN APPLE EEN OUR MOUTHS TOMORROW, SIESTA?

EEF SO, EET WEEL BE JOOST OUR LUCK TO GET WORMY ONES!



COWARDS! JELLY-BACKED PIGS! GUARD! CAST THEM INTO THE DUNGEON-- LET THEM AWAIT THERE FOR THE FLAMING ALTAR OF SACRIFICE!!



ZIP

ZING

PLOP



THEES EES BEEG
OUTRAGE! MANY
TIMES EES SANCHO
THROWN EEN JAILS
---BOOT BY A
WOOMIN---
NEVER!!!

LOOK OUT
THERE, SANCHO!
SEE HOW THEY
KEEP ALL THE
MEN EEN
CHAINS!!!



DO NOT SLACKEN
YOUR EFFORTS,
DOGS!

W-WATER!



WE MUST SAVE THEM!
WE MUST POOT THE
MEN IN THEIR
RIGHTFUL PLACES!

SI, SI, SIESTA!
BUT HOW?
TOMORROW
WE **DIE**!!



HA! I WEEL
THEENK OF SOME
WAY---JEEST
GEEVE ME
TIME!!

POOF! I WANT
TO LIVE, SIESTA,
BOOT NOT **THAT**
'LONG!



HERE, MILK SOPS, I
THOUGHT YOU MIGHT
ENJOY TIDYING UP
YOUR QUARTERS---
HA! HA! HA!

G-GRACIAS,
SEÑORITA!



YIPPO! I HAVE
EET!!! SANCHO,
THEES **BROOM**,
WEEL BE THE KEY
TO FREEDOM FOR
US AND ALL MEN!!

YOU FEEL HOKAY,
SEÑOR SIESTA, NO?

IS SEÑOR SIESTA MAD TO THINK HE CAN
OVERTHROW THIS FEMALE REGIME WITH
A MERE **BROOM**? IMPOSSIBLE??
WELL, LETS GET NEXT ISSUE AND SEE!!!!

SNOOP M'GOOK



YOU'RE NO DOUBT ASKING YOURSELF WHO ARE THE FOUR IN THIS PICTURE! WELL, WE COULD TELL YOU THAT THE GUY AT THE EXTREME RIGHT IS SNOOP M'GOOK, HERO OF THIS PIECE, THAT THE TWO GUYS IN THE CONVICTS UNIFORMS ARE SLUG AND SHRIMP, AND THAT THE GIRL IS MOLLIE MOLLOY, THE TOUGHEST BABE WHO EVER BLACKENED A FELLOW'S EYE - BUT WE WON'T! WHY DON'T YOU READ THE STORY AND FIND OUT FOR YOURSELF? YOU LAZY OR SOMETHING?

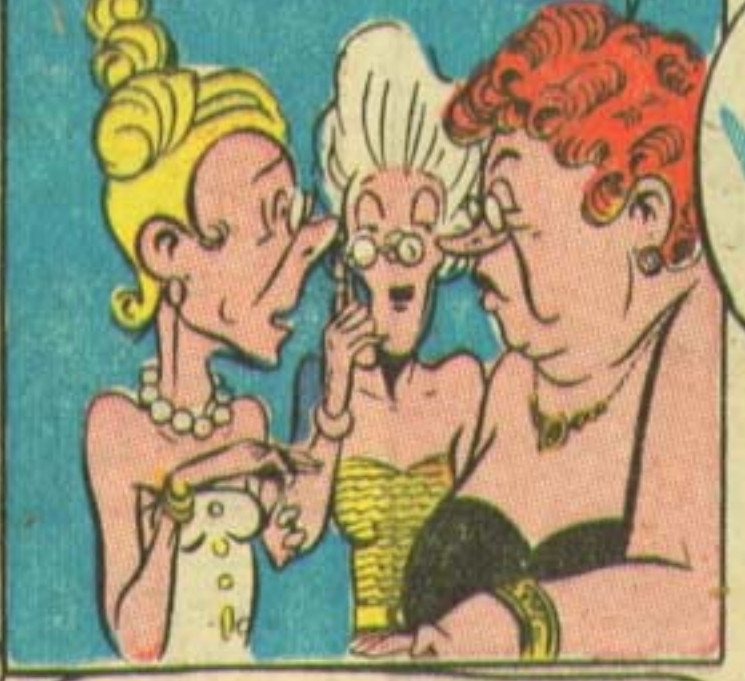
OUR STORY BEGINS ON A WILDLY EXCITING NOTE: IN A SPINSTER CLUB - YES, MY DEARS, I'VE GOT A DATE TONIGHT! OH DEAR - THE WAY THESE MEN SIMPLY *INSIST* ON ANNOYING ME WITH THEIR ATTENTIONS!



OH! I'M SO THRILLED! YES, AGGY AND I ARE GOING TO THE BEAUX ARTS BALL! AGGY'LL HAVE A SWELL TIME WITH A GREAT DETECTIVE LIKE ME AS HER ESCORT!



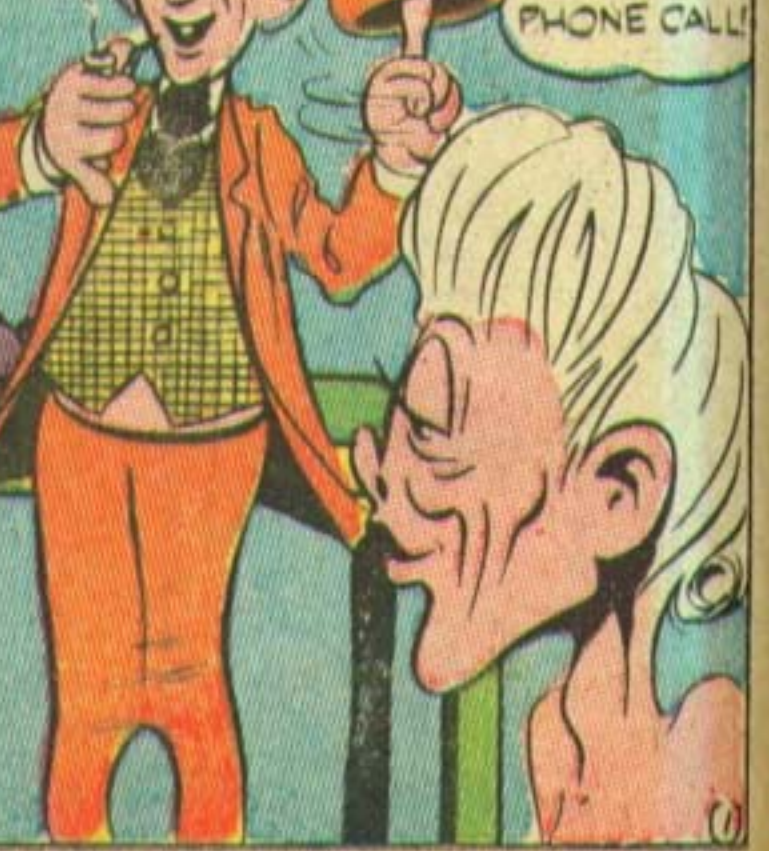
SEE HERE, ESMERALDA, YOU NEEDN'T BE SO REPULSIVE? OH, IS THAT SO? IF YOU LIFT YOUR FACE ONCE MORE YOU'LL NEED A PILOT'S LICENSE TO GO OUT FOR A WALK!



OH, ARE YOU GOING TO THE BEAUX ARTS BALL? COULDN'T YOU GET SOME FRIENDS FOR THE REST OF US GIRLS? WE'D SOOOO LOVE TO GO!



LET--ME--SEE--NOW! HEY, I THINK I CAN GET SOME ESCORTS FOR YOU! HOLD TIGHT WHILE I MAKE A PHONE CALL!



HIVA AUNTY AGATHA! ALL SET?

AUNTY! HA HA! NEXT YOU'LL BE GOING OUT WITH YOUR GRANDCHILDREN, AGATHA!

AND AT THE OTHER END OF SNOOP'S PHONE CALL ---



HELLO-MOLLOY'S ESCORT SERVICE! WHAT? SURE I'LL GET YOU SOME MEN! O.K., BIG BOY!



YOU WANT US, BOSS?

YEAH! YOU WANT US?

LISTEN, FELLOWS-- HOP INTO YOUR TAILS! I GOT A SOFT JOB LINED UP FOR YOU!



YEAH, SLUG! WATCH MY SPEED!

BOY! WE'RE GETTIN' RITZI, SHRIMP! DEM OLD DAMES IS GONNA HAVE PLENTY OF ROCKS!

LATER, AT THE BALL ---



SAY, YOU'RE QUITE A STEPPER, AGATHA, OLD GIRL!

TEE HEE! YOU'RE NOT BAD YOURSELF, SNOOPIE WOOPIE!



SLUG MANAGES TO DANCE OVER TO SHRIMP ---

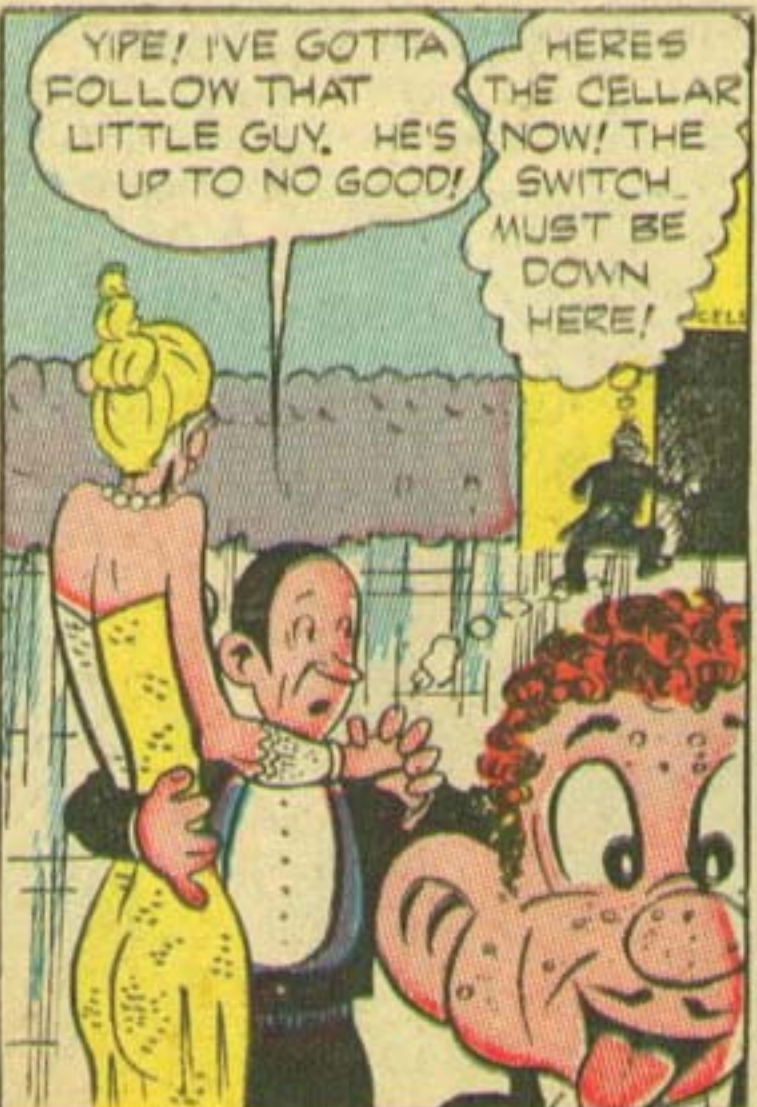
PSST! HEY, SHRIMP! GET THEM LIGHTS OUT AND WE'LL GRAB THE JEWELS!

RIGHT!



AH! MY DEAR LITTLE FLOWER! WILL YOU EXCUSE ME FOR A FEW SECONDS?

OH! DEAR! SUCH A KNIGHT! SURELY! SURELY!



YIPE! I'VE GOTTA FOLLOW THAT LITTLE GUY. HE'S UP TO NO GOOD!

HERE'S THE CELLAR NOW! THE SWITCH MUST BE DOWN HERE!



I'M WISE TO YOU, BUB! THAT'S WHY I CAME DOWN AFTER YOU!

ULP!



I KNOW YOU CAME DOWN TO DUCK THOSE WOMEN UPSTAIRS! WELL-- SO DID I!

WHEW! SAY, DYA WANNA HELP ME WITH SOMETHIN'?

YOU'RE WRONG ABOUT ME TRYIN' TO ESCAPE THE GIRLS! I JUST CAME DOWN HERE TO SWITCH ON THE FAN----- AND YOU CAN HELP ME BY PULLING THAT SWITCH IN THE LOWER LEFT HAND CORNER!

THIS ONE?

CLICK
CENTRAL BALL ROOM

UPSTAIRS---

OH, OSWALD, (TEE HEE) THAT'S THE FIRST TIME YOU KISSED ME IN YEARS!

WAS THAT YOU I KISSED?

HEY! TAKE YOUR HAND OUT OF MY POCKET!

OKAY! OKAY! TAKE YOUR HANDS OFF! I WAS ONLY LOOKIN' FOR A MATCH!

YEOW! LET GO MY NOSE!

OOPS! FARDON ME! I THOUGHT IT WAS A LIGHT SWITCH!

HELP! THERE'S SOMETHING HANGING ON TO ME!

THAT'S MY WIG, ESMERALDA, YOU DOPE!

AND WHEN THE LIGHT GO ON MINUTES LATER---

MY PEARLS! MY LOVELY PEARLS! THEY'RE GONE!

AND MINE--- THEY'RE GONE TOO!

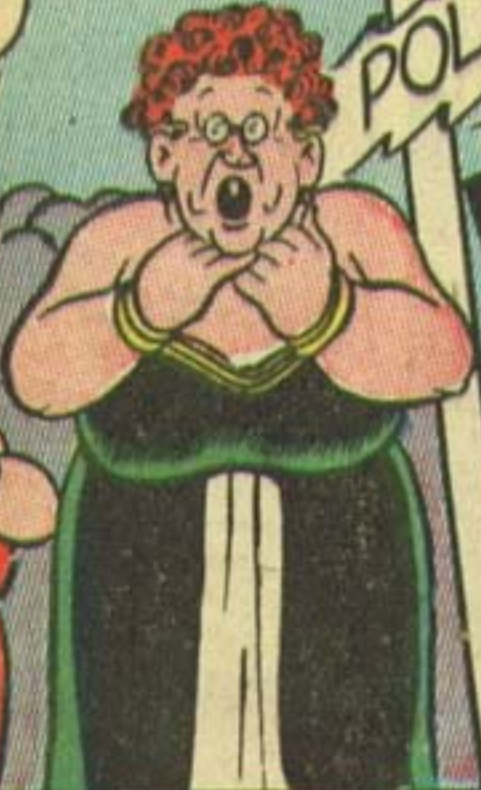
POLICE!

AND YOU---A FINE DETECTIVE YOU TURNED OUT TO BE! WHERE WERE YOU WHEN THIS WAS GOING ON?

IF I HAD AN UMBRELLA, I'D BEND IT AROUND YOUR EARS!

MEANWHILE--- BOY, WHAT A CLEAN UP WE MADE, EH, SHRIMP?

BET YOUR LIFE! WE MUST HAVE FIFTY GRAND 'IN ROCKS!



LATER---

HIYA, BOYS. YOU GET THE SPARKLERS?

SURE WE GOT 'EM, MOLLIE! SHRIMP AND ME NEVER FAIL!

WELL, HAND 'EM OVER. I'LL DIVIDE 'EM AS USUAL!

OH, NO! SHRIMP AND ME HAVE BEEN TALKIN' IT OVER, AND WE DECIDED THAT THIS TIME WE GET THE EIGHTY PERCENT!

WHAT! WHY YOU DIRTY #555!!!#, I'LL---

HALP! HALP! WE WAS ONLY KIDDIN'! HALP!



AND ONE HOUR LATER WITH SNOOP McGOOK---

IT'S YOUR FAULT! YOU WOULDN'T RECOGNIZE A CRIMINAL IF ONE BIT YOU!

YES! DOROTHEA'S ABSOLUTELY RIGHT! YOU'RE A PHONY, THAT'S WHAT YOU ARE!

SUDDENLY!!

WAIT! HOLD EVERYTHING! I'VE FINALLY FIGURED THE CASE OUT! ALLOW ME TO MAKE A PHONE CALL!

HELLO? MOLLY MOLLOY? THIS IS, McGOOK! YOU'RE THE CROOK BEHIND THE BEAUX ARTS BALL ROBBERY---

WHY, MR. McGOOK--- HOW CAN YOU SAY SUCH A THING? HOW CAN A GREAT BIG HANDSOME DETECTIVE LIKE YOU SAY SUCH A THING OF POOR LITTLE ME?

WHY, JUST THIS MINUTE I WAS THINKING OF YOU! MY FRIENDS AND I ARE GOING TO THE SOCIETY MASQUERADE! CAN YOU MEET US THERE? I'D LOVE TO HAVE YOU AS MY ESCORT!

(GULP! S-SURE YOU-- (GLUG-- BET!

NOW DON'T FORGET TO DO WHAT I TOLD YOU!

ME, I'LL KEEP AN EYE ON McGOOK AND MAKE SURE HE DOESN'T GET ANY MORE BRIGHT IDEAS ABOUT THE BEAUX ARTS JOB!

LATER---

I SEE McGOOK HASN'T ARRIVED YET! I'LL TAKE CARE OF HIM WHEN HE COMES! YOU GUYS GET RIGHT TO WORK!

RIGHT!

HEY, MOLLIE-- HERE I AM! HOW DO YOU LIKE MY GET-UP?

I USED TO BE PRETTY GOOD AT THIS WHEN I WAS A KID!



HEY, THAT'S A SNAPPY COSTUME YOU GOT ON, TOO! IT GIVES ME AN IDEA----



I'M A DETECTIVE AND YOU'RE A CONVICT! WE OUGHTA BE HANDCUFFED TO EACH OTHER, HUH?

HEY!



AND JUST THEN THE LIGHTS GO OUT---

SHUM JOINT. (HIC) DONT EVEN PAY (HIC) THER 'LECTRIC BILLS!

EEEK! SOMEBODY'S BITING MY TOES!

(GLUMPH) THASH MY FALSH TEEF (OOMPH) YOU'RE SHTEPPING ON, LADY!

YEEOW! GET OFFA MY CORN, YOU CLUMSY !!@*

OH JASPER, ISN'T THIS ROMANTIC?

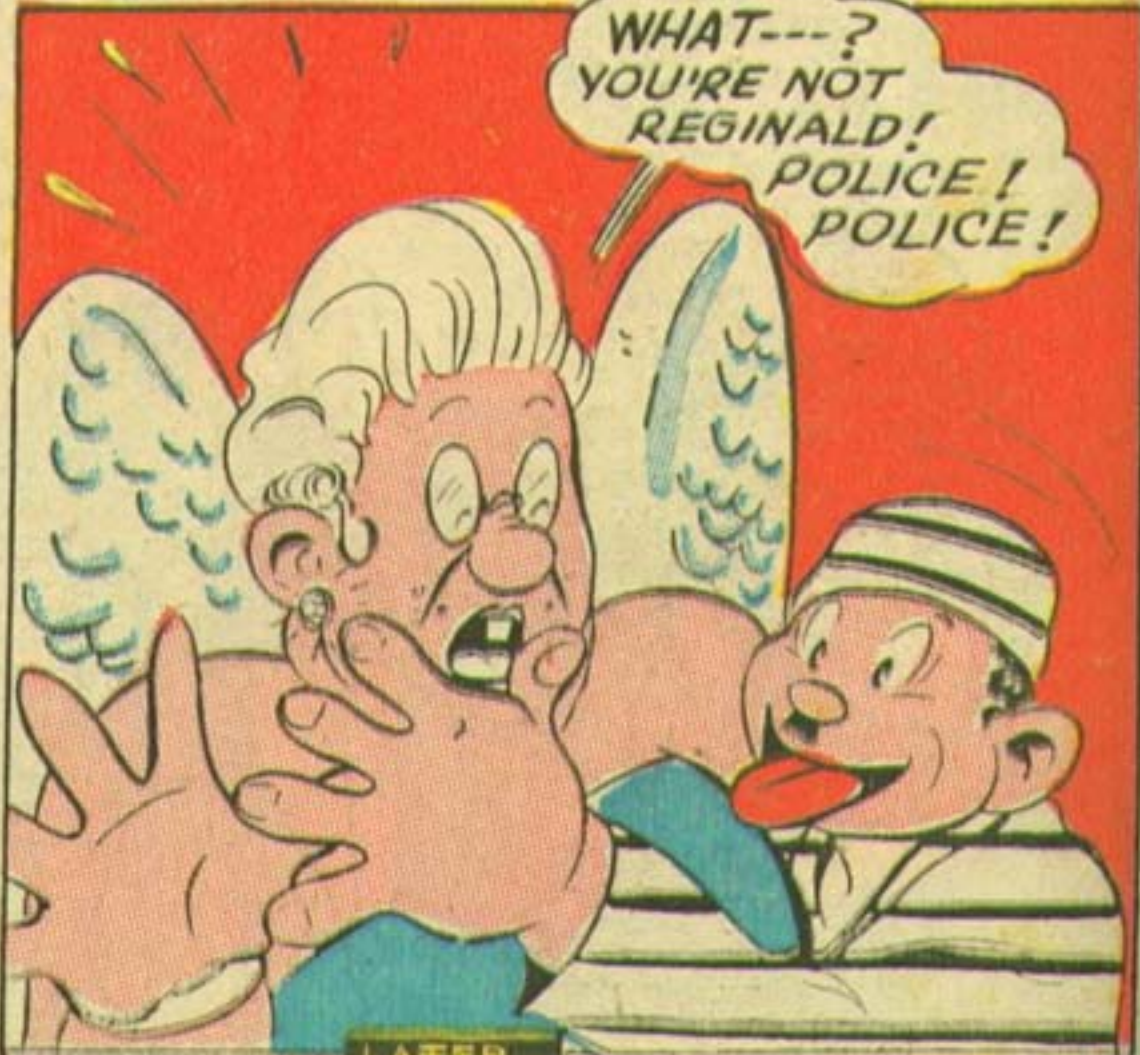
IT'S MORE THAN THAT, WITH A FACE LIKE YOURS! IT'S A RELIEF!



McGOOK TURNS ON HIS FLASHLIGHT---

OH, REGINALD YOU'RE SO PLAYFUL!

HEY! WHAT'S GOIN' ON HERE?

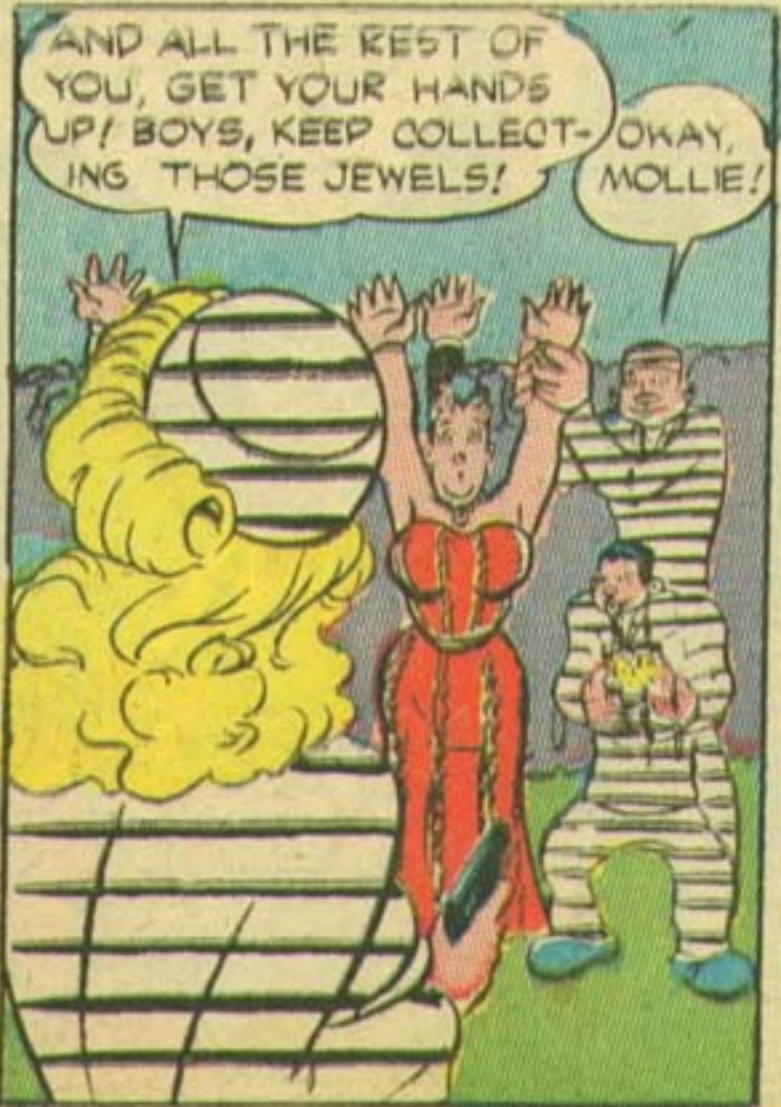


WHAT---? YOU'RE NOT REGINALD! POLICE! POLICE!

LATER...

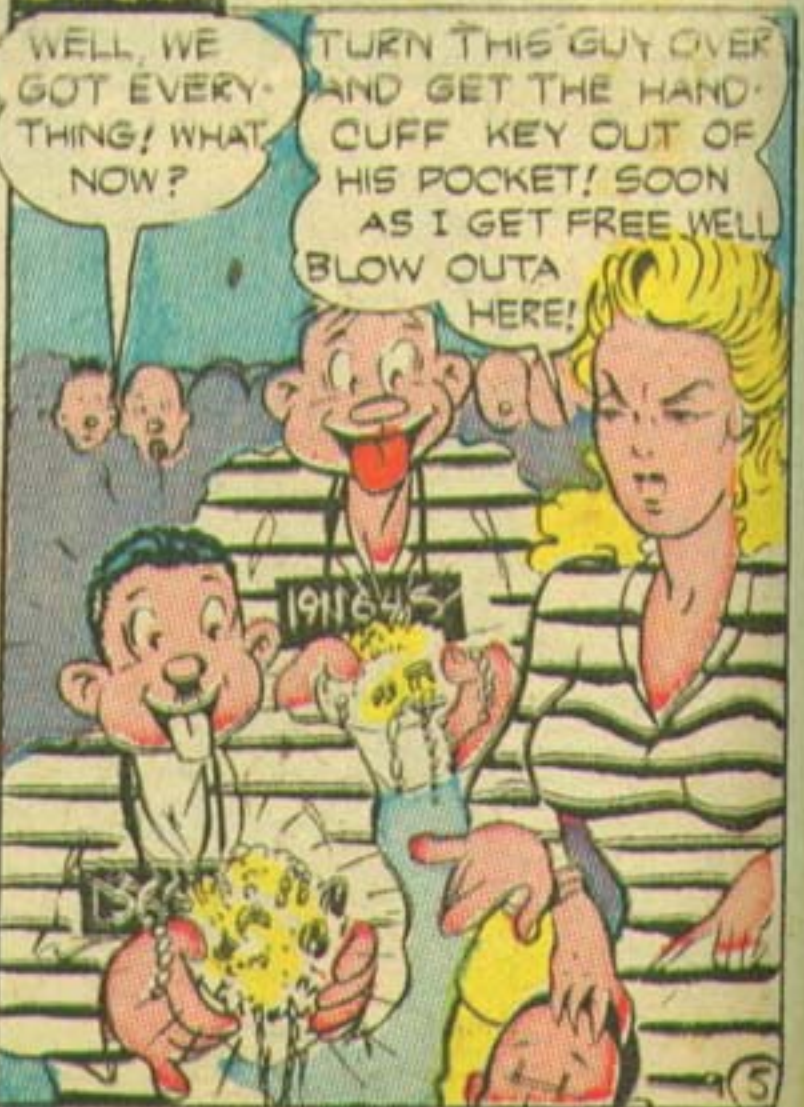


I'LL FIX YOU, YOU RUNT!



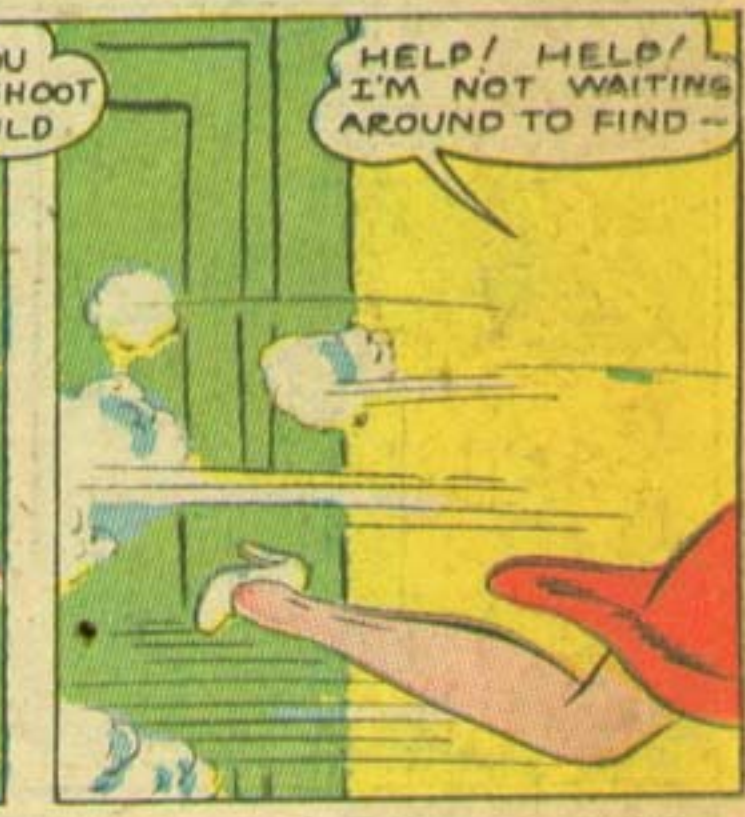
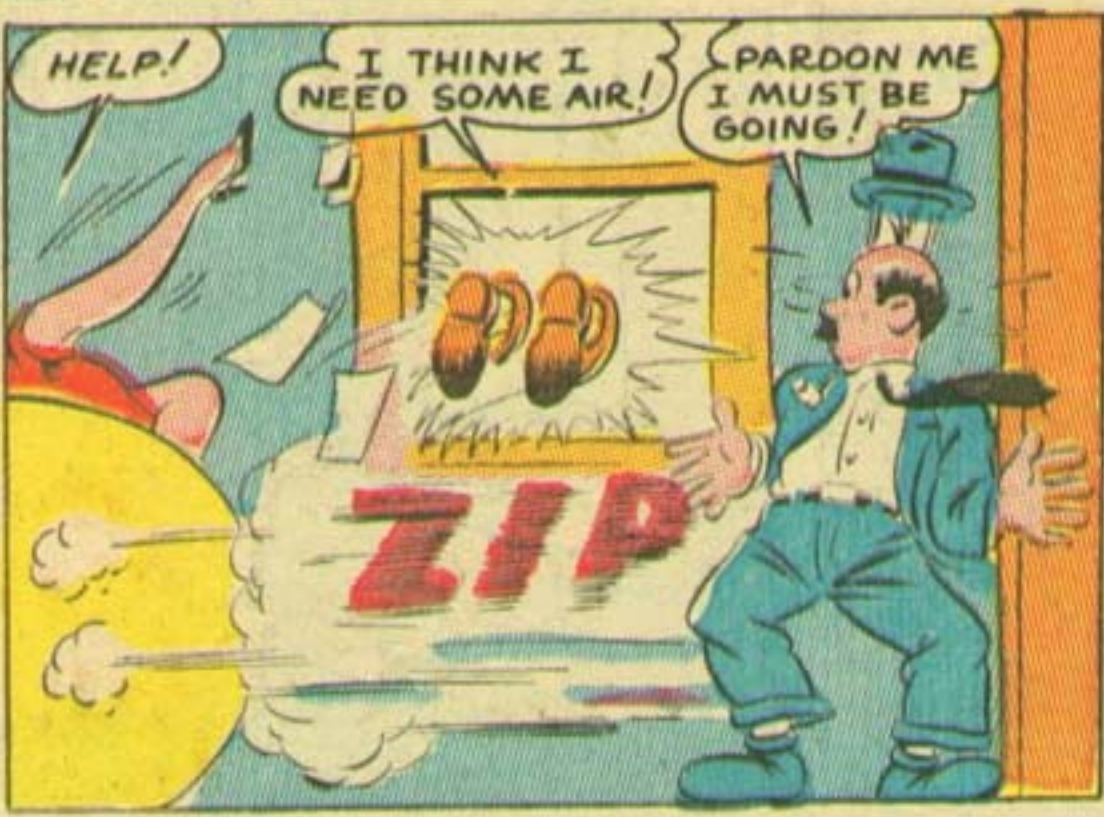
AND ALL THE REST OF YOU, GET YOUR HANDS UP! BOYS, KEEP COLLECTING THOSE JEWELS!

OKAY, MOLLIE!



WELL, WE GOT EVERYTHING! WHAT NOW?

TURN THIS GUY OVER AND GET THE HANDCUFF KEY OUT OF HIS POCKET! SOON AS I GET FREE WELL BLOW OUTA HERE!





JEEPERS!
WHAT HAVE
I GOTTEN
INTO THIS
TIME?

WANTED
SLIM PICKENS



YI I'M GETTING OUTTA
THIS MESS BEFORE I
LAND IN JAIL.

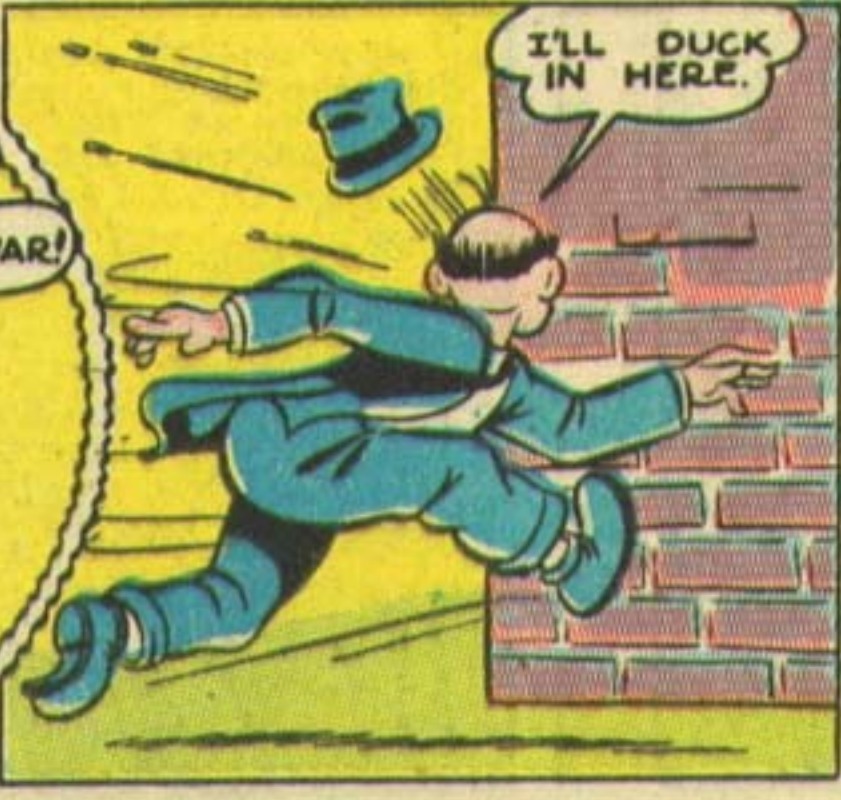


WHEW!
THAT WAS
CLOSE! NOW
WHAT?

BUT AT THIS
MOMENT



HEY!
MUST BE A
GANG WAR!



I'LL DUCK
IN HERE.



BANG
BANG

JEEZ! IT'S
THE COPS
THEY'RE AFTER
ME ALREADY.



COME ON OUT
SLIM, WITH
YOUR HANDS
TO THE SKY.

GOLLY THEY'RE
GOT ME SURROUNDED!

ONE FALSE
MOVE AND
WE'LL LET YOU
HAVE IT!



I'D BETTER GIVE
MYSELF UP! CRIME
DOESN'T PAY WELL!



HERE HE COMES
BOYS LET HIM
HAVE IT NOW!



IF I LET 'EM KILL ME
I'LL BE ABLE TO GET
OUTTA THIS BODY.



THAT'S FUNNY — THE BULLETS DON'T EVEN HAVE ANY EFFECT ON ME — I GUESS I'LL JUST HAVE TO GO ON LIVING.

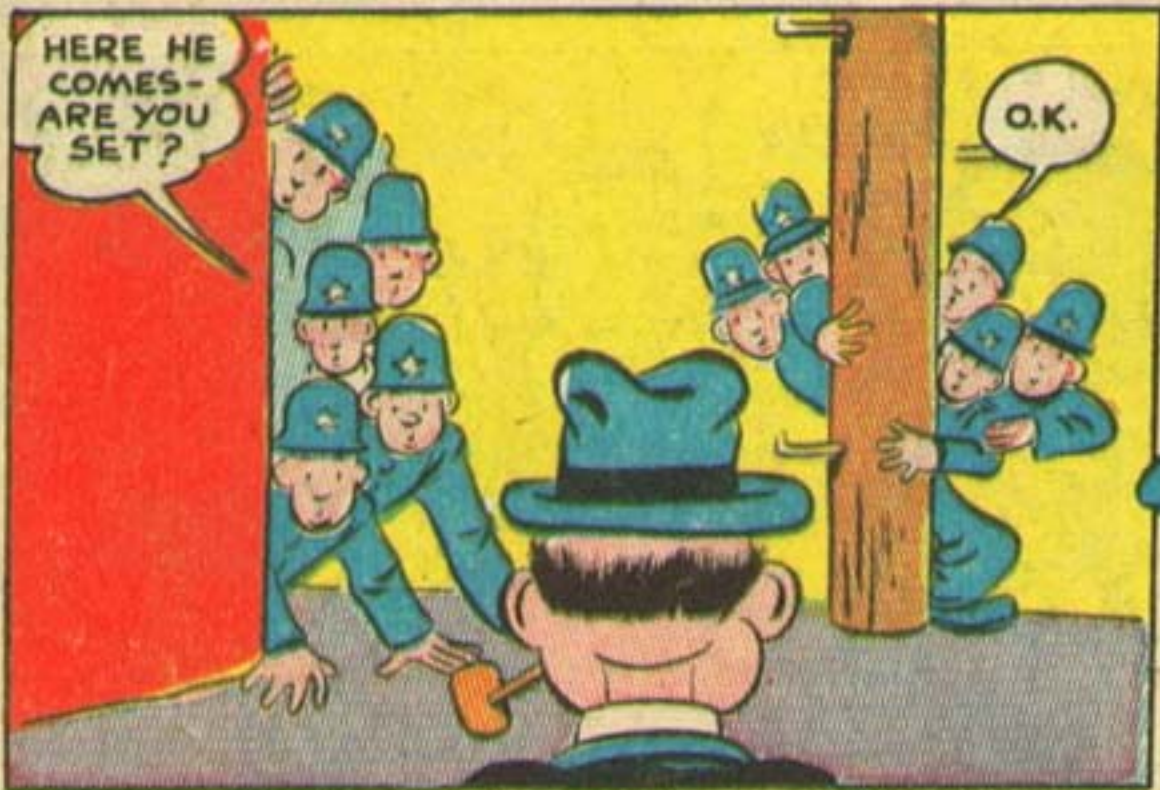
THE GUY'S NOT HUMAN!



I'VE EMPTIED MY GUN ON HIM BUT NOTHING HAPPENS!

WE'LL HAVE TO RESORT TO OTHER TACTICS!

MAYBE WE CAN JUMP HIM?



HERE HE COMES — ARE YOU SET?

O.K.



LET HIM HAVE IT.

I GOT HIM!



WHAT NOW CHIEF?

MAKE SURE HE CAN'T GET AWAY! THEN TAKE HIM DOWN AND GRILL HIM AT THE STATION HOUSE.



PIE WAGON



WHERE WERE YOU ON THE —

COME CLEAN! WE'RE GOT YOU COVERED —

SO YOU WON'T TALK EH?

LATER



PLEASE! ON MY HANDS AND KNEES I BEG YA — CONFESS SO I CAN GO HOME TO MY WIFE AND KIDS.

WELL HE'S WEARING ME OUT — WHY MUST SOME GUY BE SO DIFFICULT?



HE'S TOO TOUGH TO CRACK — THE REAL CRIMINAL TYPE! NO DOUBT ABOUT IT.

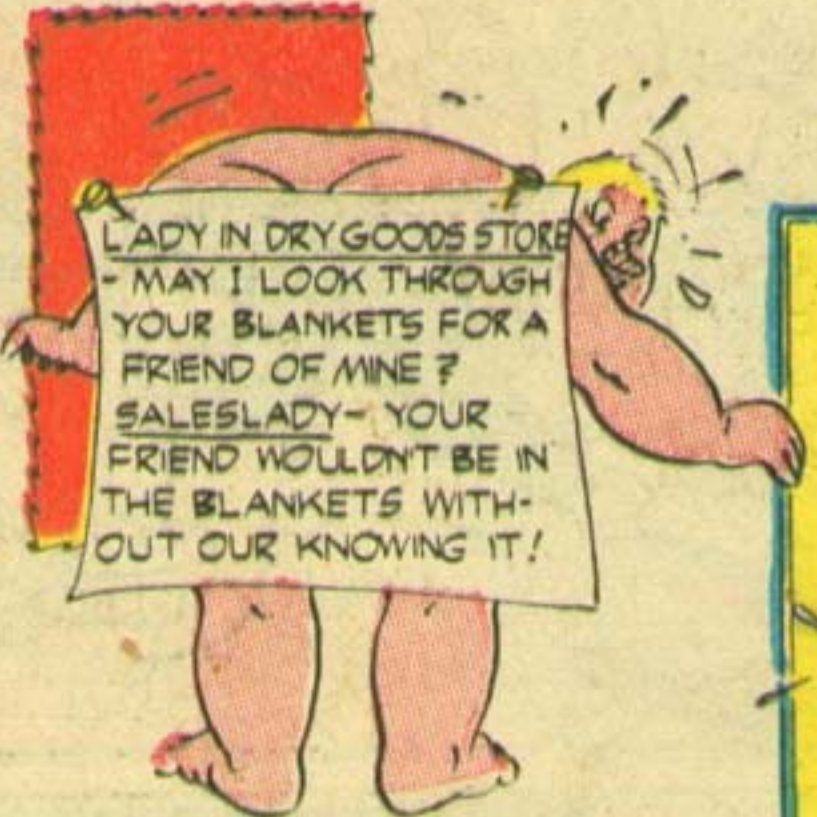
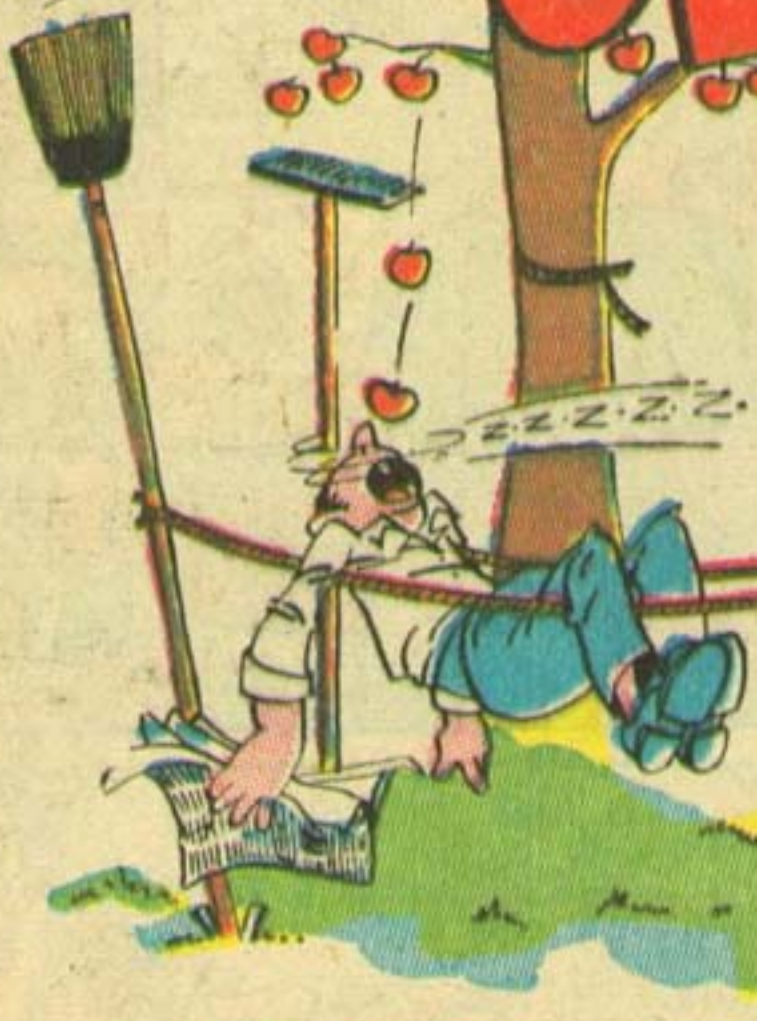
YEAH! HE KEEPS INSISTING HE'S INNOCENT — I CAN'T STAND ANYMORE OF THIS TYPE — HE'S WEARING ME OUT — WE'LL HAVE TO QUIT!

WHEW AT LAST!

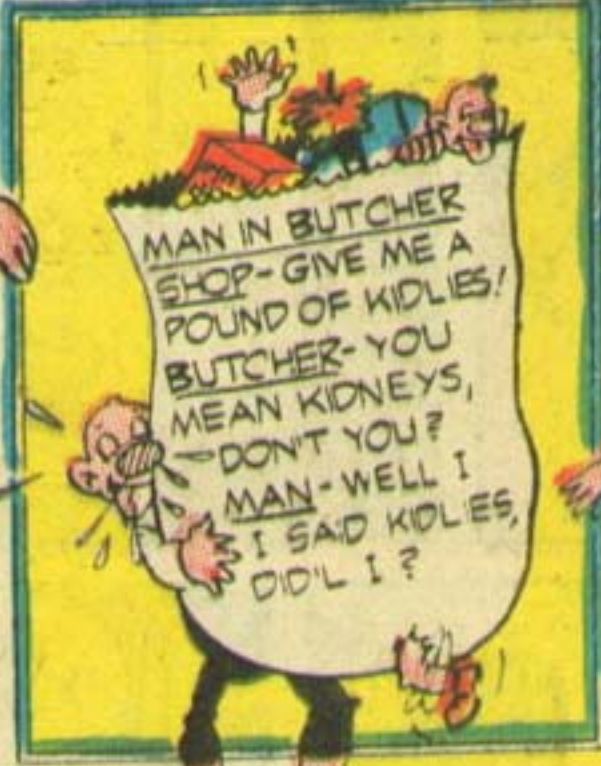


BEST JOKES

by MICHEL ROY



LADY IN DRY GOODS STORE - MAY I LOOK THROUGH YOUR BLANKETS FOR A FRIEND OF MINE?
SALES LADY - YOUR FRIEND WOULDN'T BE IN THE BLANKETS WITHOUT OUR KNOWING IT!



MAN IN BUTCHER SHOP - GIVE ME A POUND OF KIDLIES!
BUTCHER - YOU MEAN KIDNEYS, DON'T YOU?
MAN - WELL I I SAD KOLES, DID I?

WOMAN (TO PSYCHIATRIST) DOCTOR YOU'VE GOT TO HELP ME!! I THINK I'M CRAZY!! I LIKE PANCAKES!

PSYCHIATRIST: WHY, THAT DOESN'T MEAN YOU'RE CRAZY! I LIKE PANCAKES, TOO!
WOMAN: YOU DO? THEN YOU MUST COME HOME WITH ME!! HAVE TEN SUITCASES FULL!



MARY - COME ON, TAKE A BATH AND GET CLEANED UP! I'LL GET YOU A DATE!
JEAN - YEAH! AND THEN SUPPOSE YOU DON'T GET ME A DATE?



WAITER! SAD THE FUSSY DINER, I WANT SOME OYSTERS - BUT THEY MUSTN'T BE TOO LARGE OR TOO SMALL, TOO OLD OR TOO TOUGH, AND THEY MUSTN'T BE SALTY! I WANT THEM COLD AND I WANT THEM AT ONCE!
WAITER - YES SIR, WITH OR WITHOUT PEARLS?

YOO HOO!



GOODNESS, GEORGE, THIS ISN'T OUR BABY! THIS IS THE WRONG CARRIAGE! SHUT UP! THIS IS A BETTER CARRIAGE!

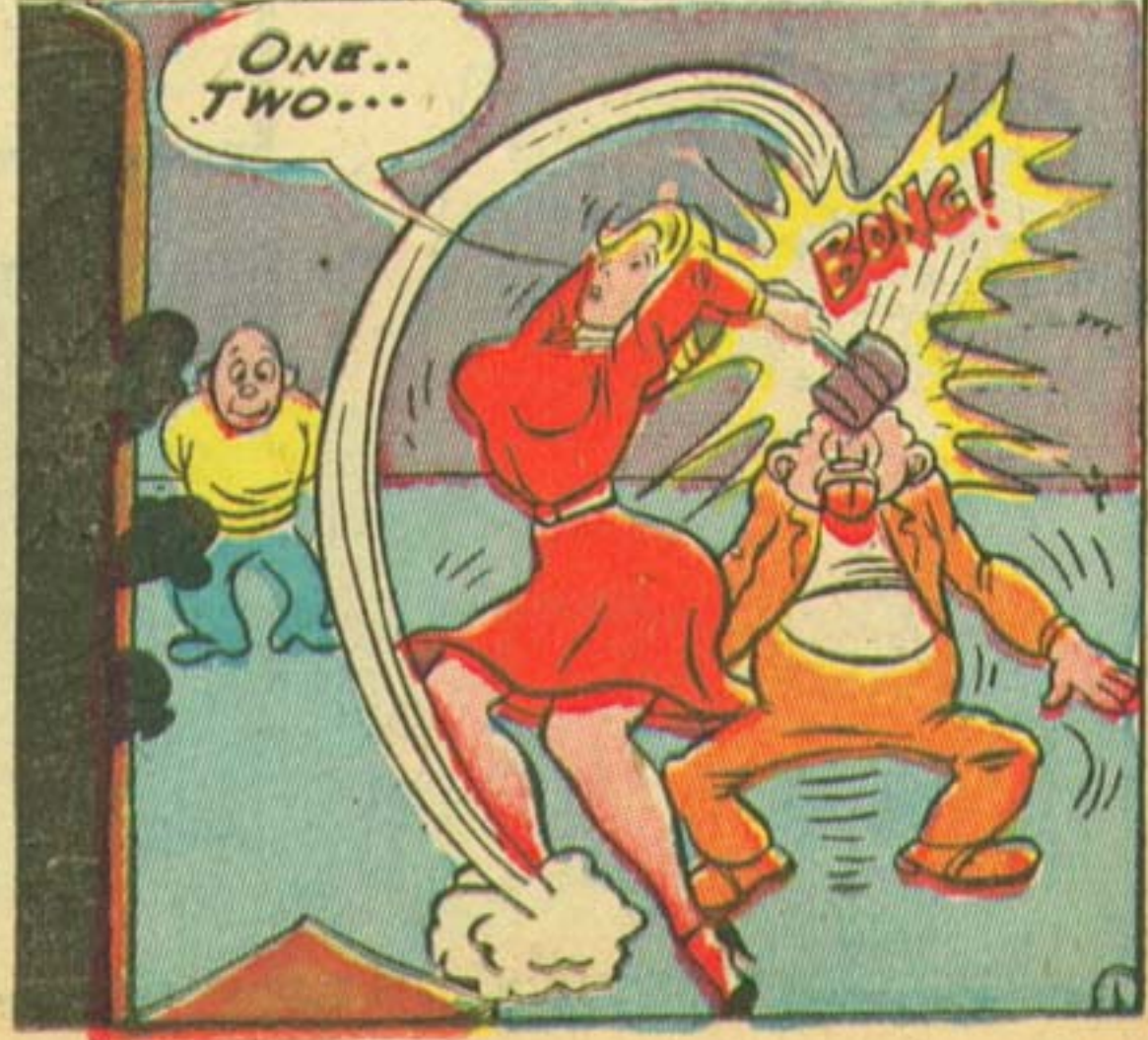
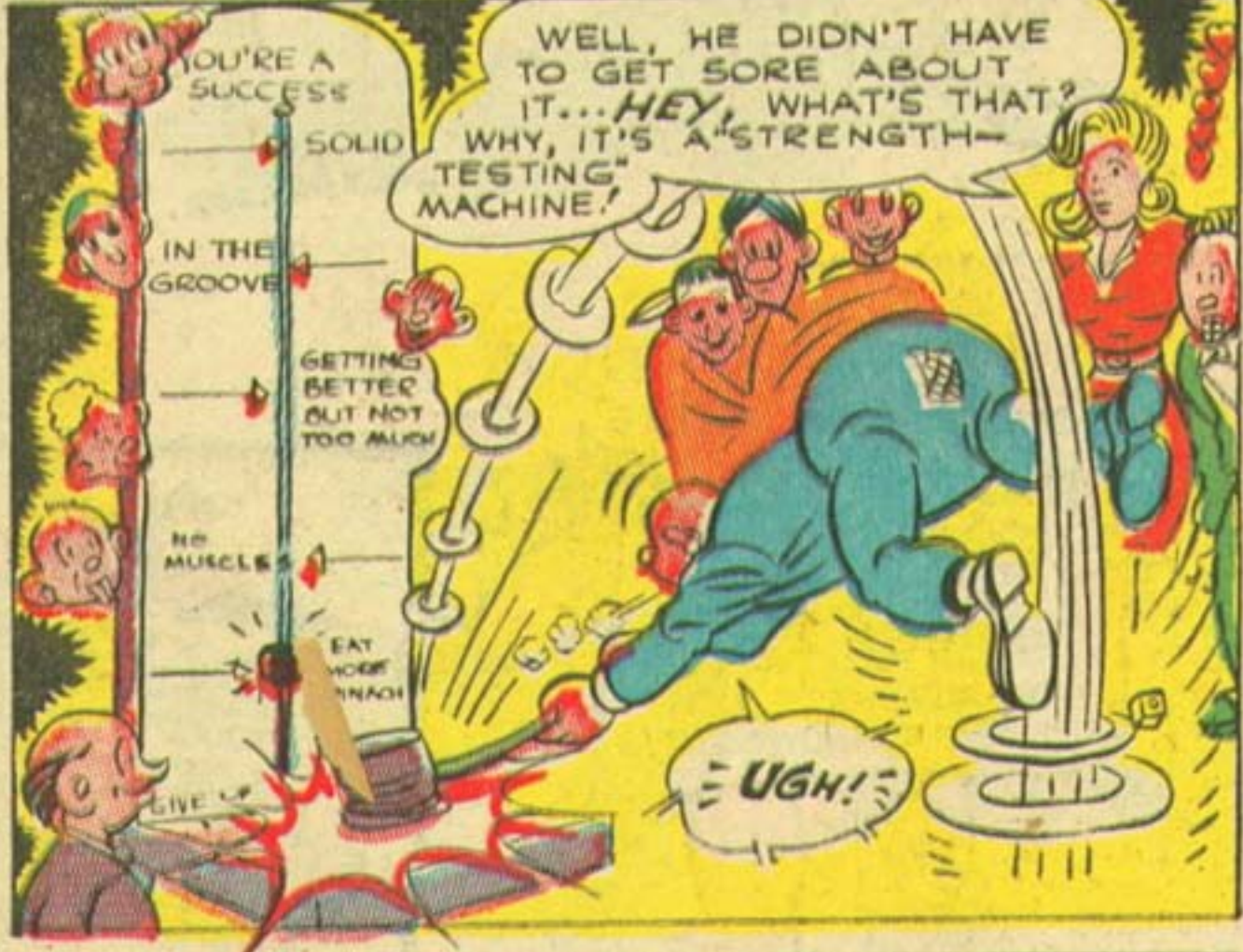
SUZIE

WELL, IF YOU KNEW SUZIE LIKE WE KNOW SUZIE, YOU'D SAY THAT THE SITUATION IS FRAUGHT WITH DANGER. HERE SHE IS ON A TRAIN BOUND FOR HOLLYWOOD, AND SUZIE IS BEGINNING TO GET JUST A LITTLE BIT BORED. THAT MEANS THAT IN A MINUTE OR SO, SHE'S GOING TO START LOOKING FOR DIVERSION. WATCH OUT, EVERYBODY! DUCK! HERE SHE COMES..

Ho-Hum! GUESS I'LL GO INTO THE GAME ROOM AND SEE WHAT'S COOKING!

Hey! OUCH!

ROY & GOSLIN





THREE!

YOU'RE A SUCCESS!
IN THE GROOVE



HEY LADY... YOU'RE ALL RIGHT!

A PERFECT SCORE! GOLLY!



SUDDENLY, A MAN STEPS FORWARD...

WHAT A GIRL!

PERMIT ME TO INTRODUCE MYSELF. I AM THROCKMORTON WURBLE, CREATOR OF THE BE-A-SUCCESS SCHOOL. MY SCHOOL HAS NO DIRECTOR AT PRESENT... AND I ALWAYS FOLLOW MY HUNCHES. I JUST SAW YOU. HIT "YOU'RE A SUCCESS" YOU GET THE JOB!



GEE, THANKS, MR. WURBLE. BUT I DON'T WANT THE JOB! I'M ON MY WAY TO HOLLYWOOD TO BECOME AN ACTRESS...



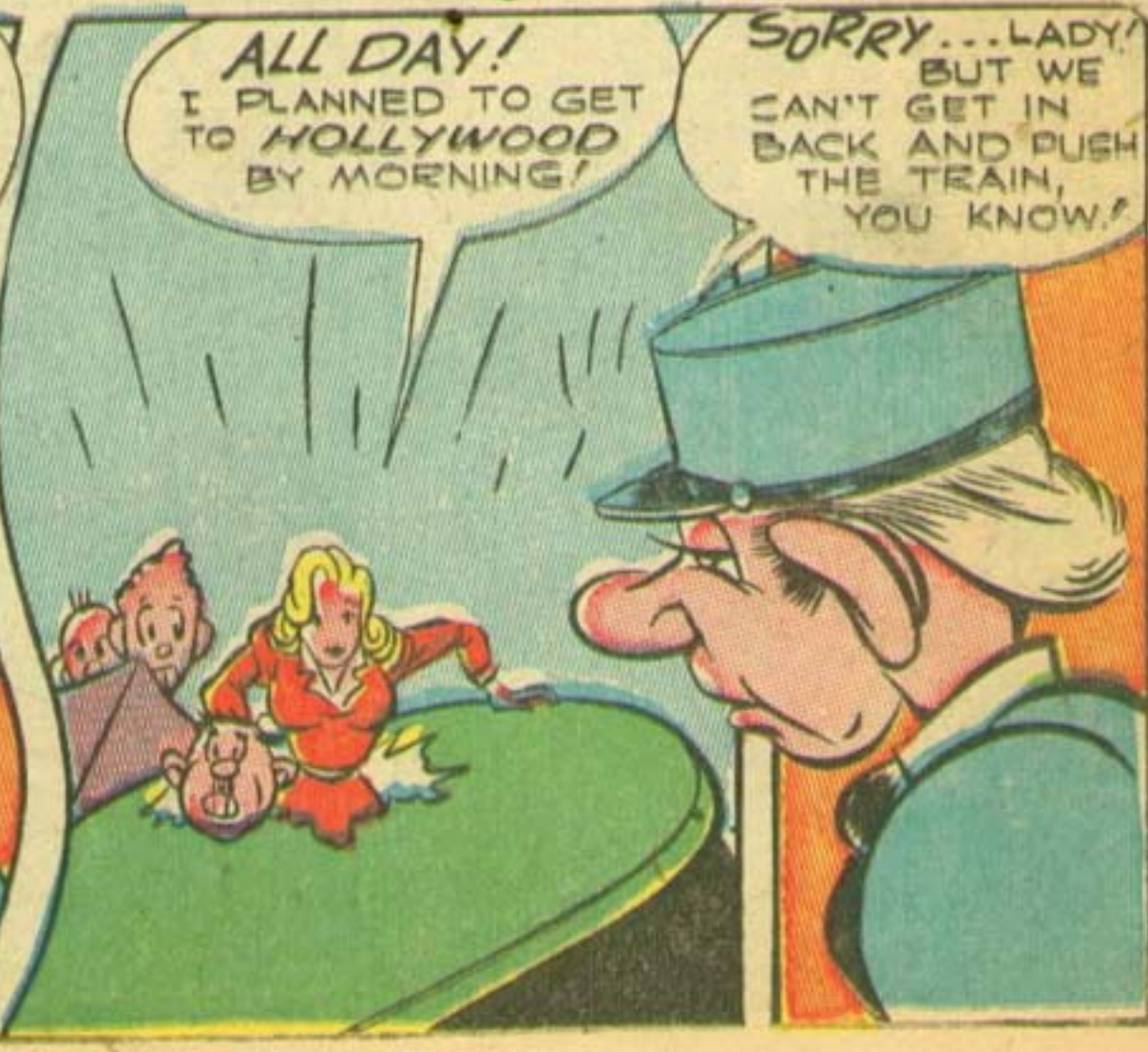
SUDDENLY, THE TRAIN LURCHES...



...AND COMES TO A SCREECHINGLY VIOLENT HALT..



NO... NEED TO WORRY, FOLKS! SOMETHING'S GONE WRONG WITH THE ENGINE. BETTER SETTLE DOWN FOR A LONG WAIT, THOUGH.. MAY BE HERE THE REST OF THE DAY!



ALL DAY! I PLANNED TO GET TO HOLLYWOOD BY MORNING!

SORRY... LADY! BUT WE CAN'T GET IN BACK AND PUSH THE TRAIN, YOU KNOW!



HERE, MR. WURBLE, LET ME HELP YOU UP!

THANK YOU, YOUNG LADY! THANK YOU!

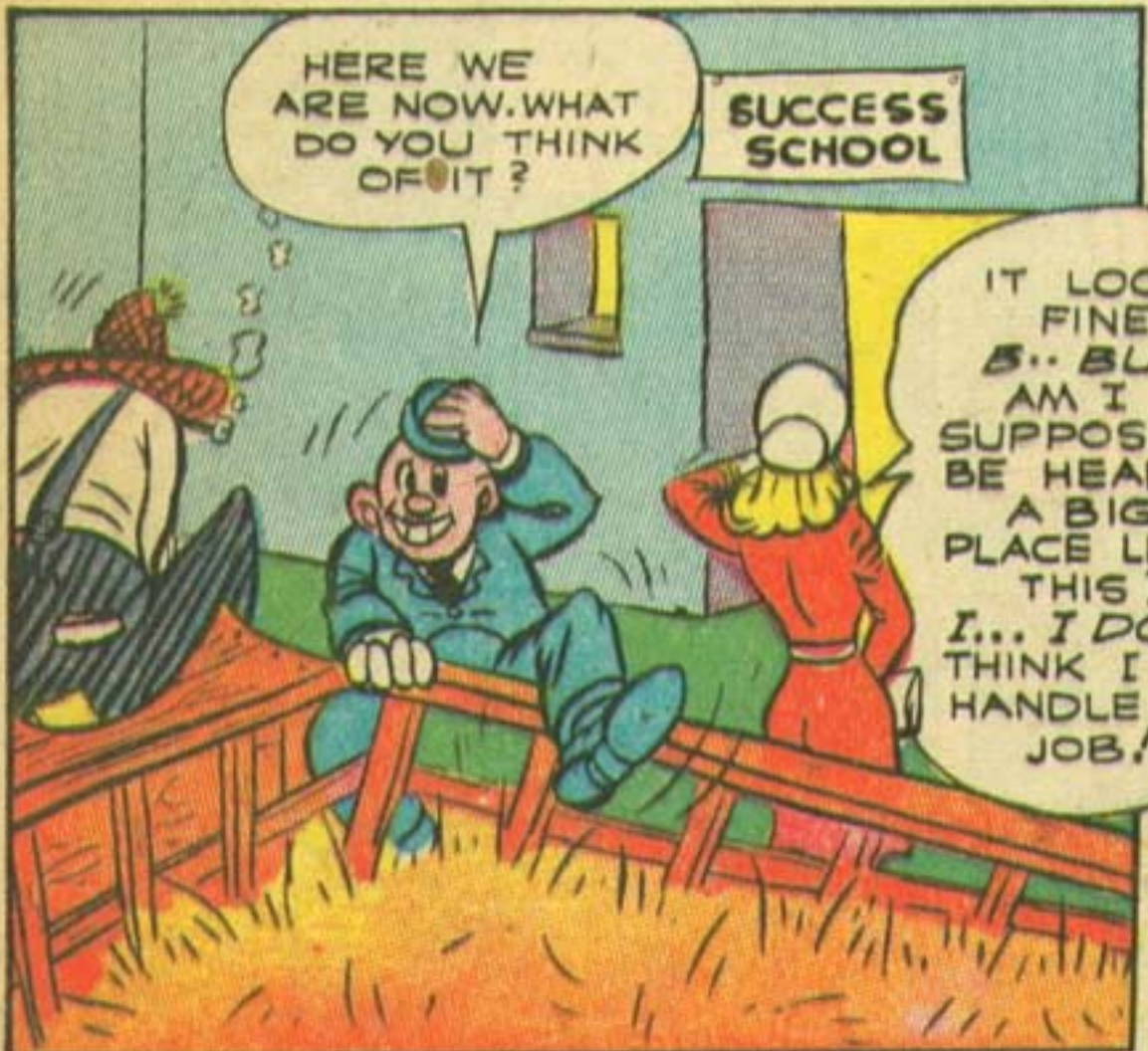
AND WON'T YOU RECONSIDER THE OFFER NOW? WHY WAIT ALL THE HOURS IT'LL TAKE TO START THE TRAIN? MY SUCCESS SCHOOL IS JUST A SHORT DISTANCE FROM HERE. HOW ABOUT IT?..

GEE, MR. WURBLE... I THINK I'LL TAKE YOU UP ON IT! ANYTHING, TO GET AWAY FROM THIS BOREDOM!

DON'T BE IMPATIENT, MY DEAR. WE'LL BE THERE IN FIVE MINUTES!

IS IT MUCH FURTHER, MR. WURBLE?

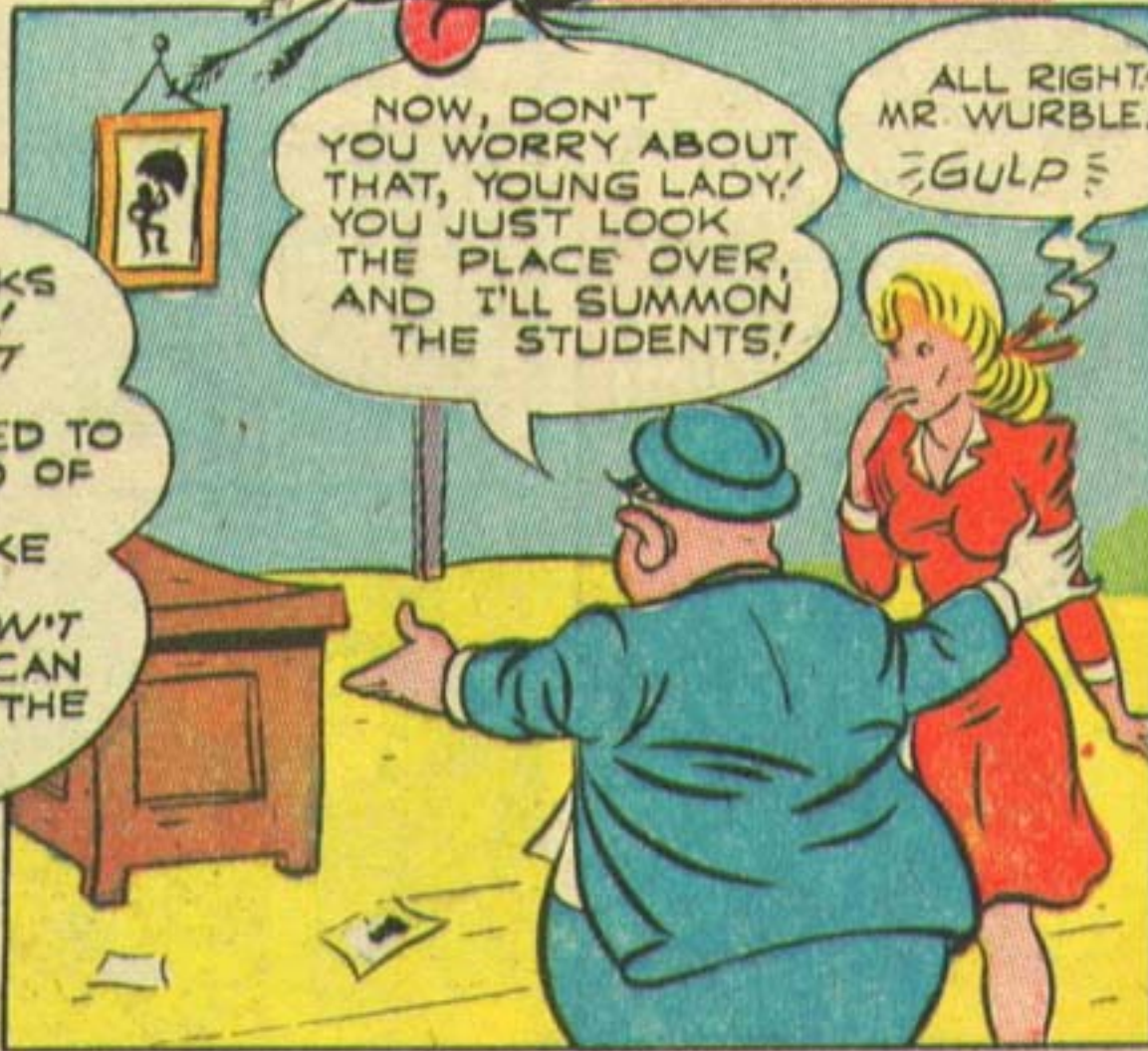
AND SO, ONE HOUR LATER..



HERE WE ARE NOW. WHAT DO YOU THINK OF IT?

SUCCESS SCHOOL

IT LOOKS FINE! B.. BUT AM I SUPPOSED TO BE HEAD OF A BIG PLACE LIKE THIS? I... I DON'T THINK I CAN HANDLE THE JOB!



NOW, DON'T YOU WORRY ABOUT THAT, YOUNG LADY! YOU JUST LOOK THE PLACE OVER, AND I'LL SUMMON THE STUDENTS!

ALL RIGHT, MR. WURBLE! GULP



LATER.

THERE YOU ARE, YOUNG LADY... YOUR STUDENTS... ALL FAILURES WHO WANT TO BE SUCCESSSES GO OUT THERE... AND TEACH 'EM!



GEE, I DON'T KNOW HOW TO TEACH PEOPLE, TO BE SUCCESSFUL, HOW WILL I... HEY! I'VE GOT IT! CLASS DISMISSED UNTIL TOMORROW! I'LL HAVE A SURPRISE FOR YOU!



NEXT DAY...

PUPILS, THIS IS PROFESSOR NEMO, THE FAMOUS AUTHORITY ON HYPNOSIS. HE'LL ASSIST ME IN MY CLASSES!

HOW DO YOU DO, CLASS? I'LL BEGIN WITH THIS GENTLEMAN RIGHT HERE. WILL YOU STEP UP, PLEASE?

ME?



GEE, I'M AFRAID TO LOOK. I SURE HOPE THIS WORKS! FUNNY NOBODY EVER THOUGHT OF HYPNOTIZING SOMEONE INTO BEING SUCCESSFUL BEFORE THIS!



WELL, SUZIE, HE'S HYPNOTIZED, NOW WHAT?

HUH?



I SAID, HE'S HYPNOTIZED, NOW WHAT DO YOU WANT DONE WITH HIM?



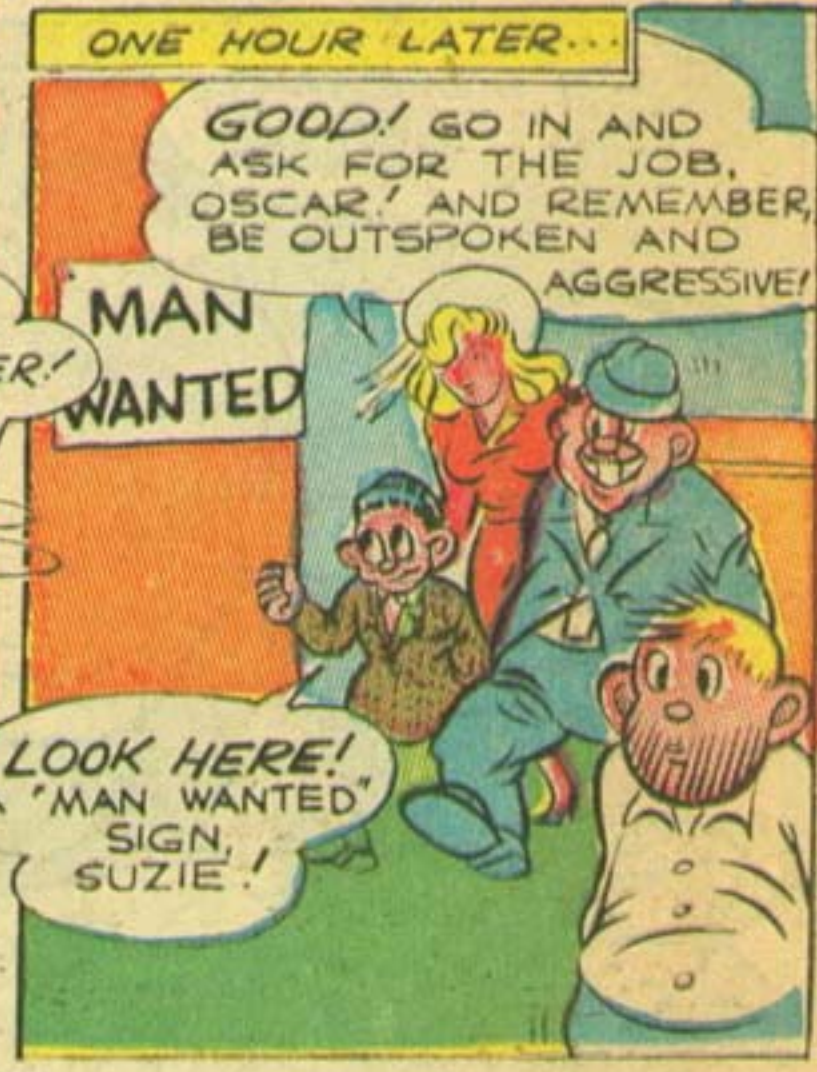
G... GULP! WHAT EYES!

WHY, J.. JUST MAKE HIM AGGRESSIVE, OUTSPOKEN... YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN!



YOU WILL BE AGGRESSIVE... WHEN YOU HAVE AN OPINION, YOU WILL NOT BE AFRAID TO PRESENT IT!

YES, MASTER!

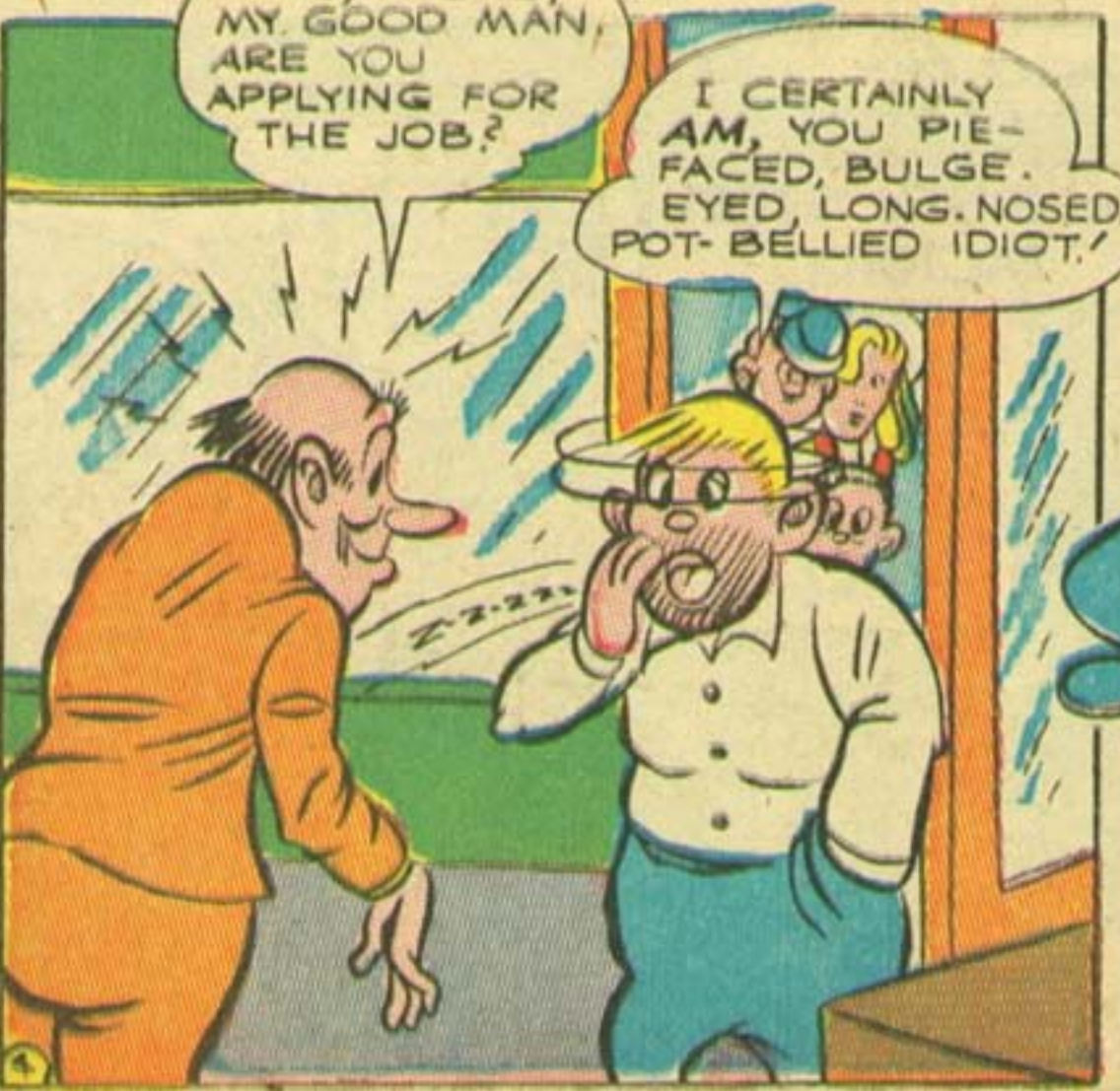


ONE HOUR LATER...

GOOD! GO IN AND ASK FOR THE JOB, OSCAR! AND REMEMBER, BE OUTSPOKEN AND AGGRESSIVE!

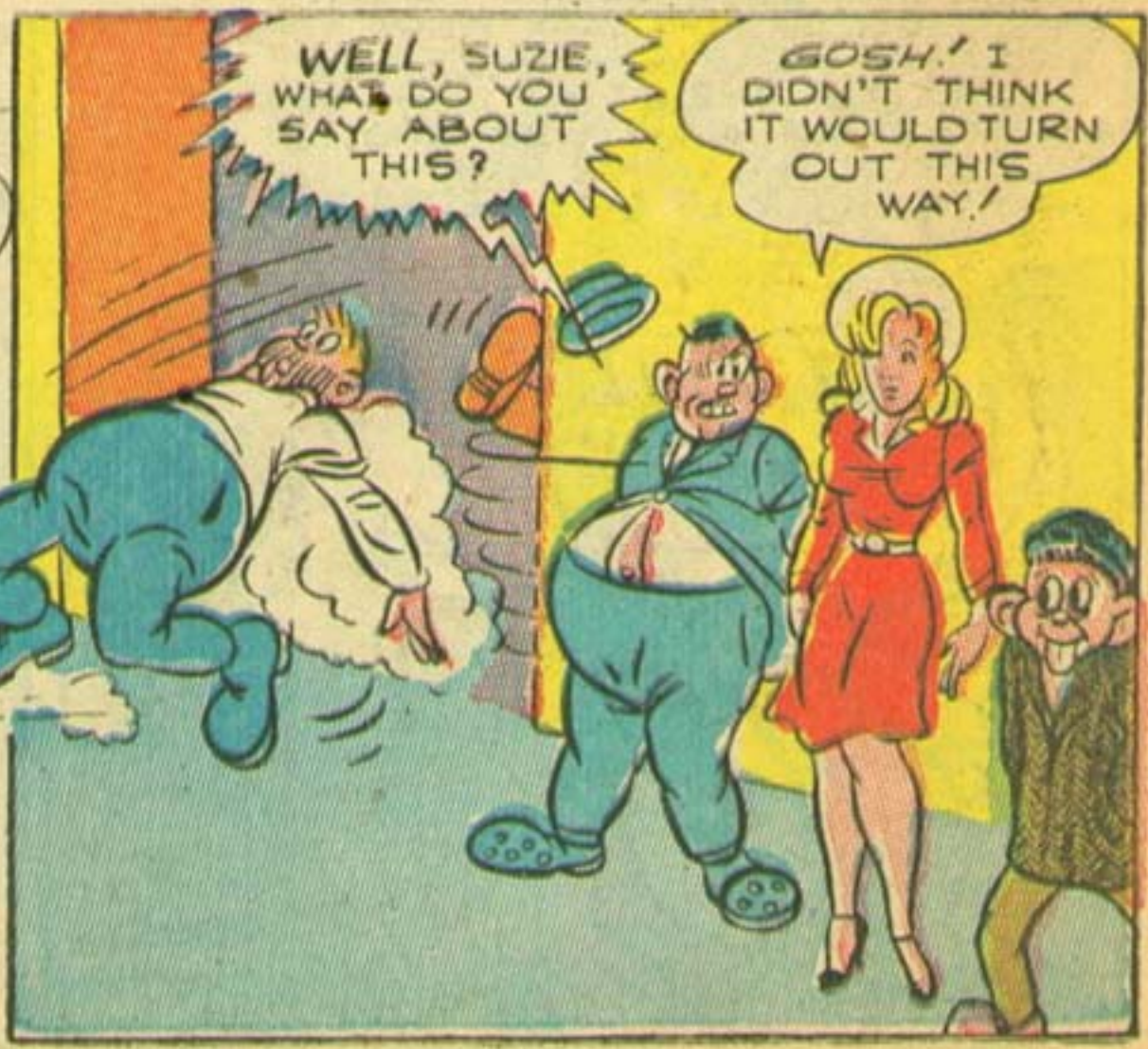
MAN WANTED

LOOK HERE! A 'MAN WANTED' SIGN, SUZIE!



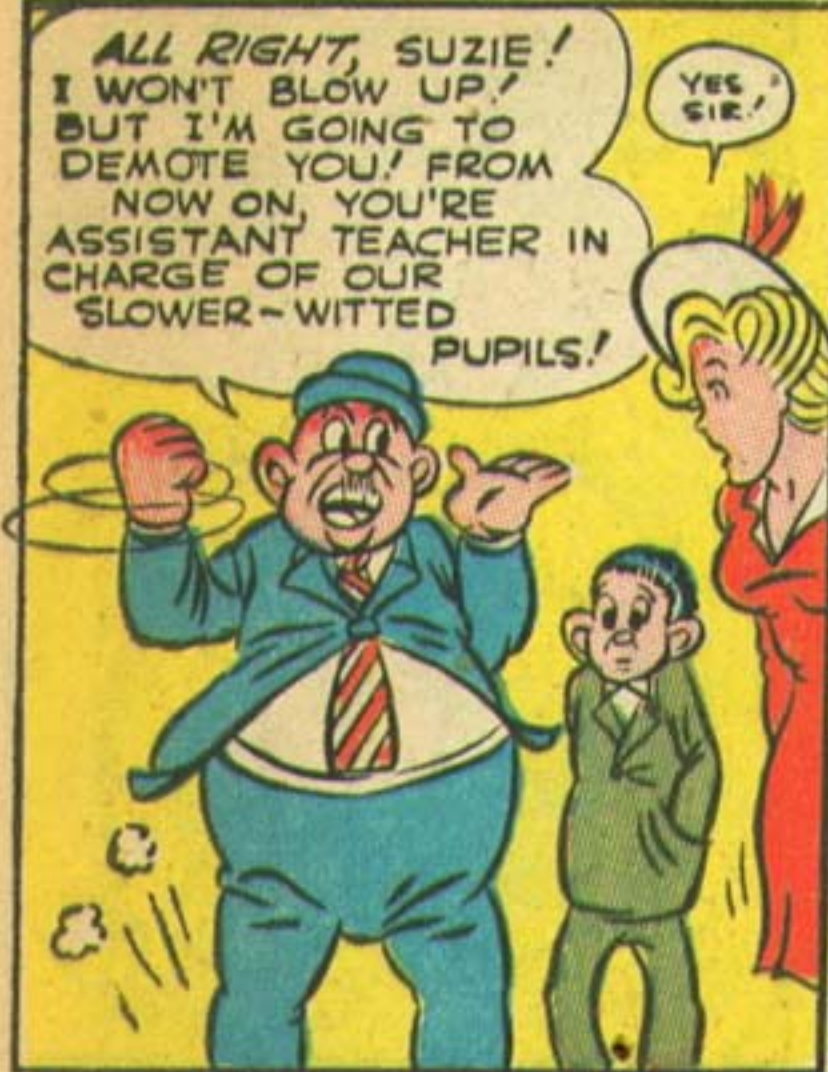
AH, THERE, MY GOOD MAN, ARE YOU APPLYING FOR THE JOB?

I CERTAINLY AM, YOU PIE-FACED, BULGE-EYED, LONG-NOSED, POT-BELLIED IDIOT!



WELL, SUZIE, WHAT DO YOU SAY ABOUT THIS?

GOSH! I DIDN'T THINK IT WOULD TURN OUT THIS WAY!



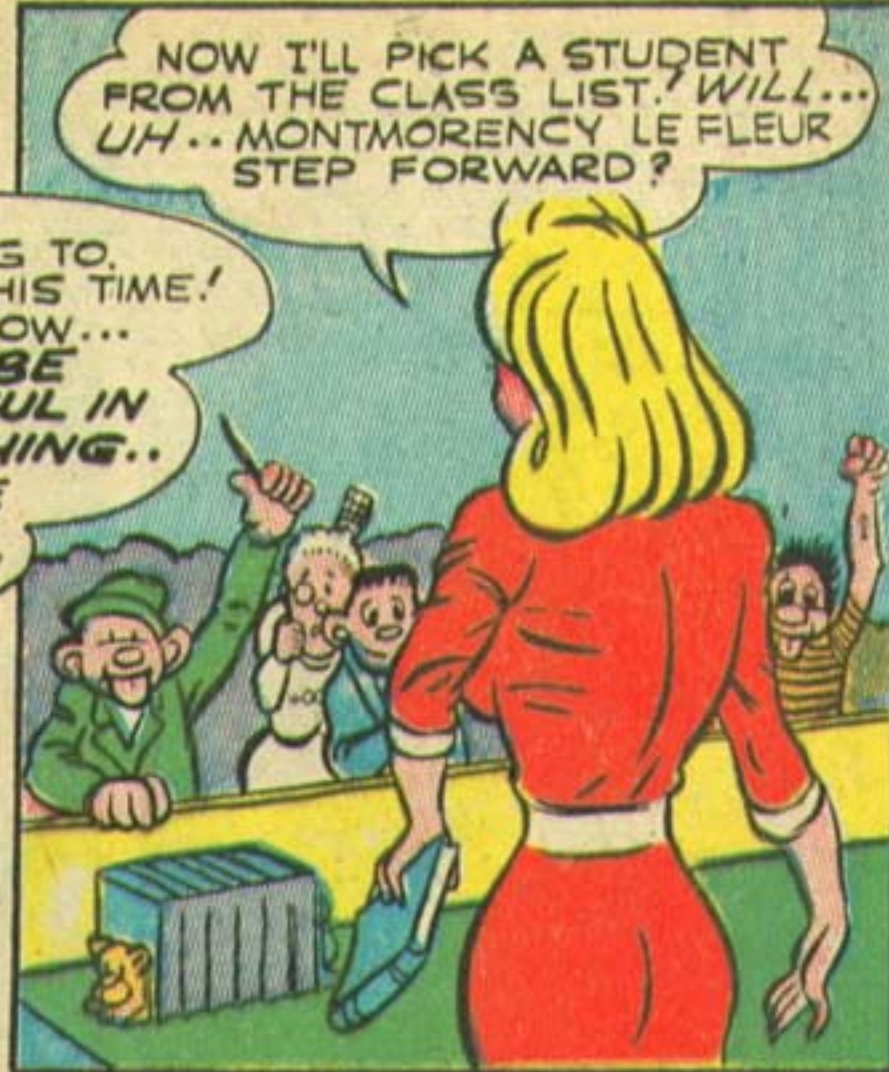
ALL RIGHT, SUZIE! I WON'T BLOW UP! BUT I'M GOING TO DEMOTE YOU! FROM NOW ON, YOU'RE ASSISTANT TEACHER IN CHARGE OF OUR SLOWER-WITTED PUPILS!

YES SIR!



LATER

I'M GOING TO SUCCEED THIS TIME! LET'S SEE NOW... HOW TO BE SUCCESSFUL IN EVERYTHING.. THAT'S THE BOOK I WANT!



NOW I'LL PICK A STUDENT FROM THE CLASS LIST! WILL... UH.. MONTMORENCY LE FLEUR STEP FORWARD?

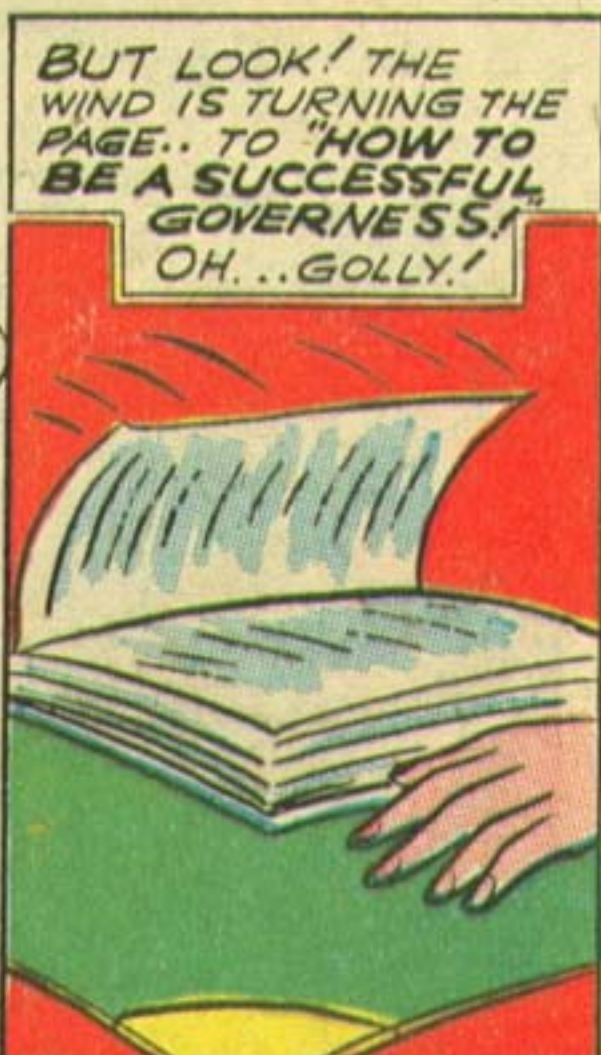


YUH WANT ME, TEACHER?



Y..YES, MONTMORENCY, I'M GOING TO READ YOU A SECTION, ON "HOW TO BE A SUCCESSFUL MANUAL LABORER," REPEAT IT AFTER ME AND REMEMBER IT!

YES, TEACHER!

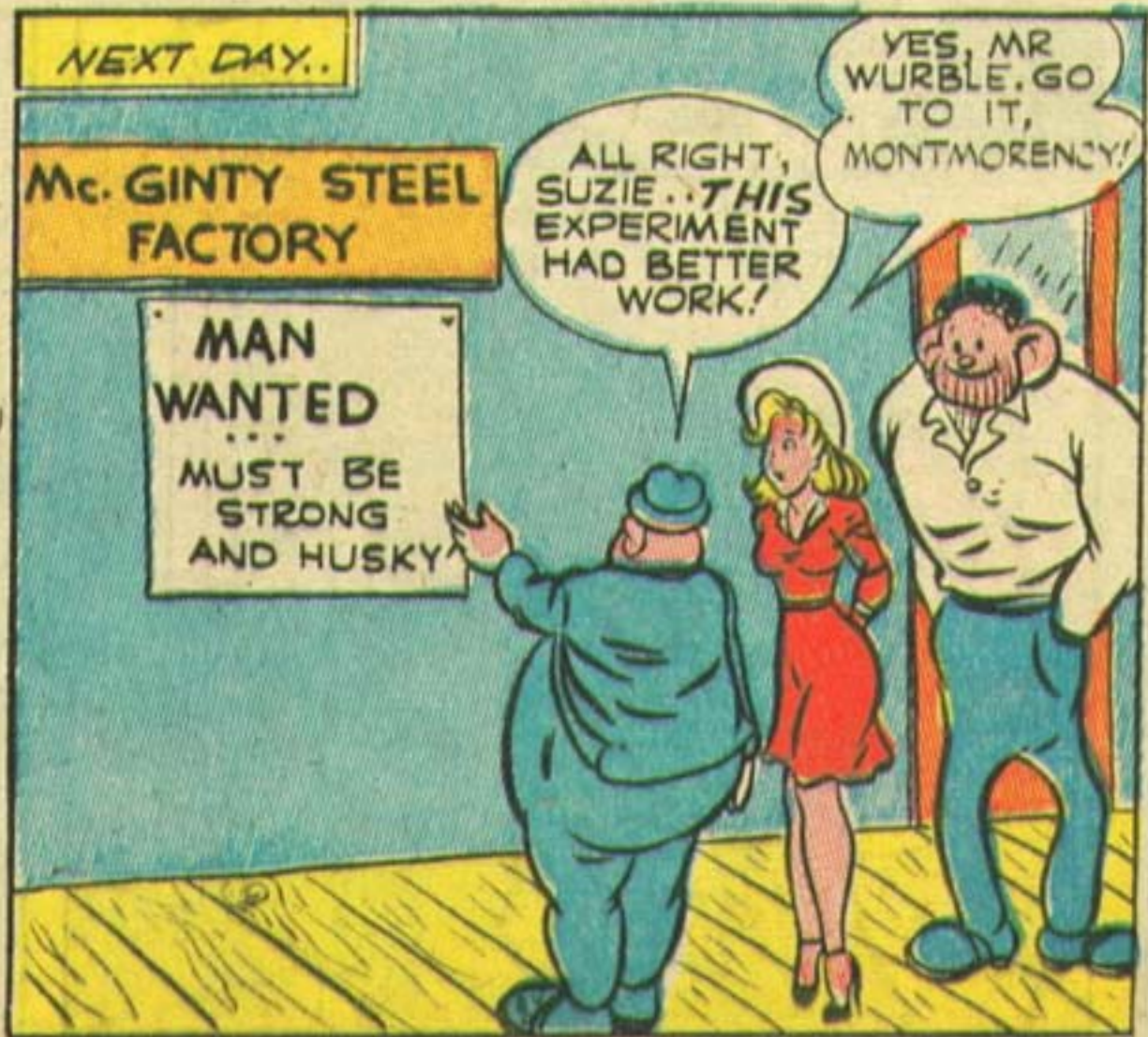


BUT LOOK! THE WIND IS TURNING THE PAGE.. TO "HOW TO BE A SUCCESSFUL GOVERNESS!" OH...GOLLY!



GEE, THIS SURE LOOKS FUNNY, BUT I GUESS THE MAN WHO WROTE IT KNOWS MORE ABOUT SUCCESS THEN I DO... OH, WELL, REPEAT AFTER ME: I'LL BE KIND TO CHILDREN, LOVING WITH INFANTS, AND WILL TAKE ESPECIAL CARE IN DIAPERING MATTERS!

?



NEXT DAY..

Mc. GINTY STEEL FACTORY

MAN WANTED... MUST BE STRONG AND HUSKY

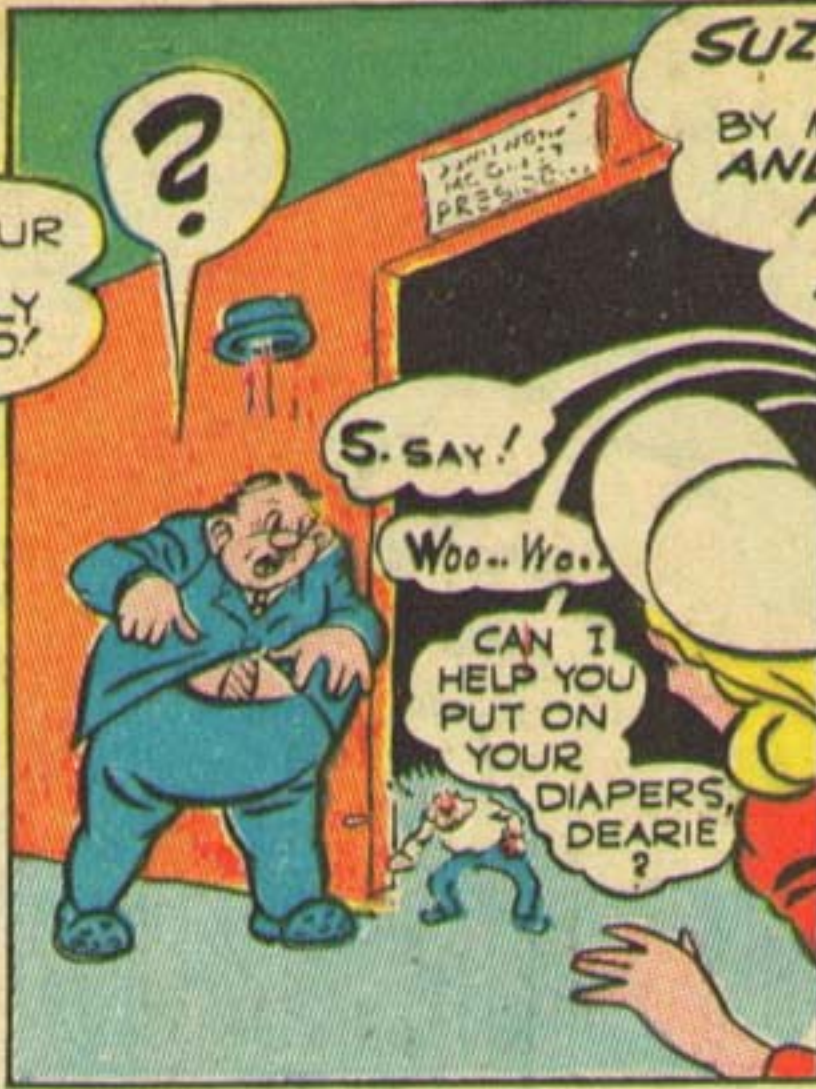
ALL RIGHT, SUZIE.. THIS EXPERIMENT HAD BETTER WORK!

YES, MR WURBLE. GO TO IT, MONTMORENCY!



YOU DON'T HAVE TO WORRY, MR. WURBLE. I COACHED HIM OVER AND OVER AGAIN.. HE'LL GET THE JOB!

FOR YOUR SAKE, I CERTAINLY HOPE SO!



?

S. SAY!

Woo.. Woo..

CAN I HELP YOU PUT ON YOUR DIAPERS, DEARIE?

SUZIE! FROM THIS MINUTE ON, YOU ARE EMPLOYED BY ME AS A WASHERWOMAN! AND I'M GOING TO HIRE ANOTHER TEACHER!

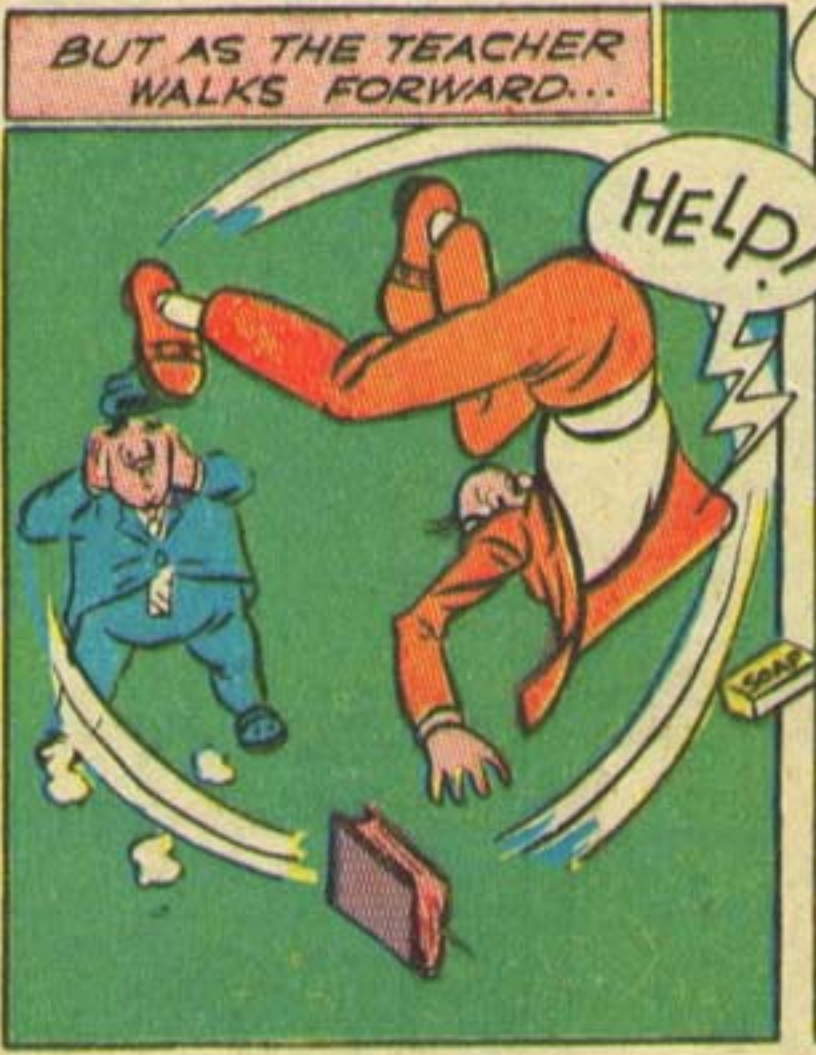


GULP!



NEXT DAY...

WELL! IT'S THE NEW TEACHER! COME IN! COME RIGHT IN!



BUT AS THE TEACHER WALKS FORWARD...

HELP!



THIS IS TOO MUCH! THIS IS THE LAST STRAW!



YOU'RE FIRED! YOU HEARD ME... FIRED! GET OUT OF HERE, AND IF I EVER SEE YOU WITHIN 50 MILES OF THIS PLACE, I'LL MURRRDER YOU!



OH, WELL! I DIDN'T LIKE THAT SCHOOL MUCH, ANYWAY!

NEXT TRAIN AT 2:05

YOU SEE THAT'S THE WAY IT IS. SHE REALLY DOESN'T MEAN ANY HARM, BUT MORE PEOPLE GO SCREWY BECAUSE OF HER GOOD INTENTIONS... WHY. IN HER ADVENTURE IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF TOP-NOTCH, FOR EXAMPLE, SHE NOT ONLY... BUT WAIT! INSTEAD OF TELLING YOU, WE'LL LET YOU FIND OUT FOR YOURSELF... GET YOUR COPY!



THE END

OUCH! NOW I'VE GONE AND DONE IT! THESE CHARACTERS WERE BEING SAVED AS A SURPRISE! OH, WELL, NOW THAT THE CAT'S OUT OF THE BAG, YOU MIGHT AS WELL KNOW THAT YOU'LL FIND ALL OF THESE -- AND ME TOO! -- IN THE NEW...

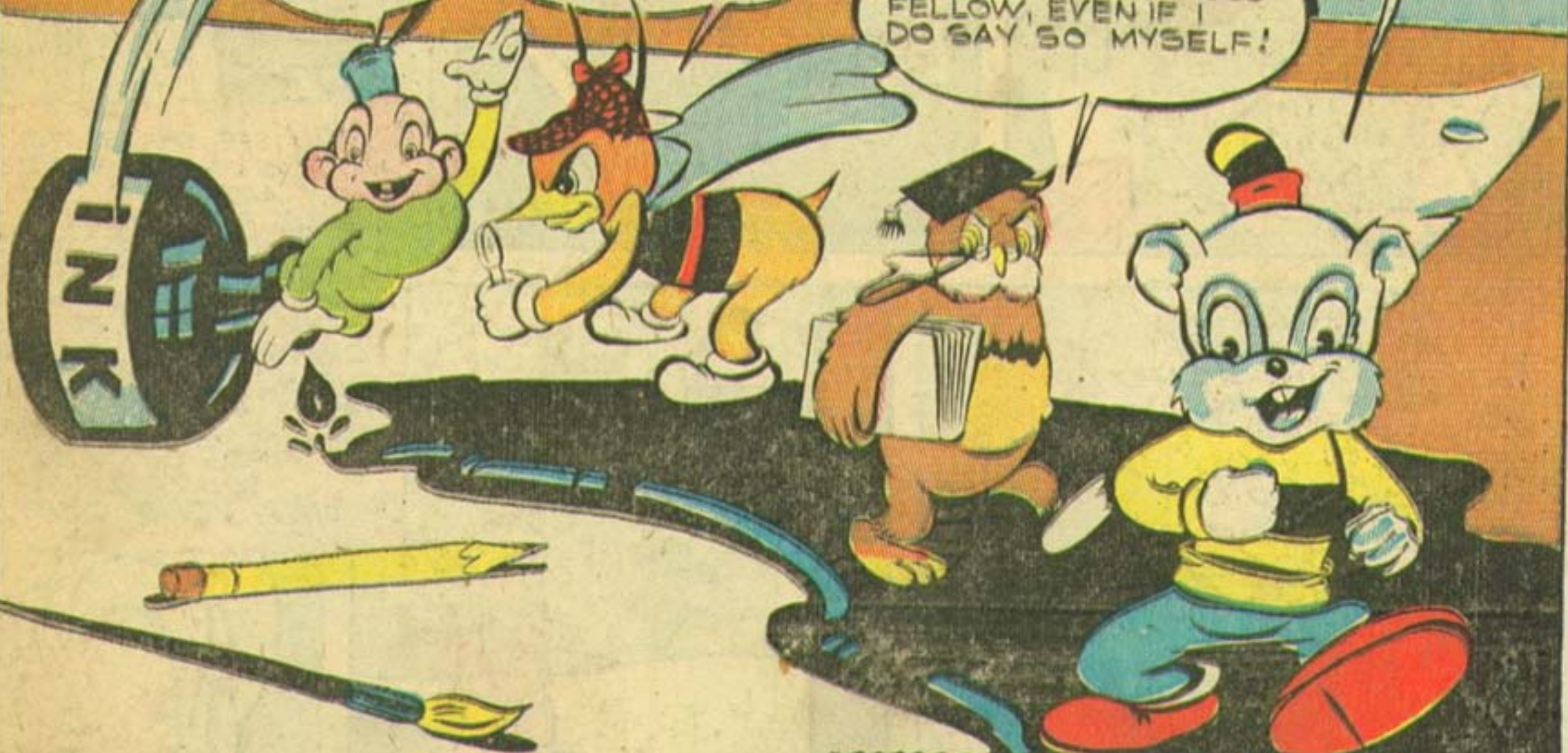
ARCHIE COMICS!

AND JUST CALL ME CUBBY, KIDS! DON'T FORGET, I SURE WANT TO SEE YOU LOOKING ACROSS THE PAGE AT ME... SO GET YOUR COPY OF ARCHIE COMICS! IT'LL BE AT YOUR NEWSSTAND ANY DAY NOW!

PERMIT ME TO INTRODUCE MYSELF. I AM JUDGE OWL. QUITE A WISE OLD FELLOW, EVEN IF I DO SAY SO MYSELF!

I'M KINDA BUSY LOOKING FOR A CLUE RIGHT NOW -- BUT I'LL PAUSE JUST FOR ONE MINUTE TO TELL YOU THAT I'M BUMBIE THE BEE-TECTIVE!

HIVA GANG! ME - I'M SQUOIMY D'WOIM.



ATTENTION, AMERICA! HERE IS OUR ANSWER TO THE THOUSANDS OF LETTERS THAT HAVE POURED IN... THE MILLIONS OF LAUGHS THAT HAVE ROCKED THE COUNTRY! ARCHIE IN A MAGAZINE OF HIS OWN, ON SALE SOON. LOOK FOR IT!

PERCY

AVAST, PERCIVAL!
SURE IS GOOD TO
SEE YOU AGAIN, SON!
THIS WAS OUR LAST
TRIP...WE'RE LAYING
UP THE YACHT FOR
THE WINTER...

PERCIVAL DEAH!
IT IS INDEED GOOD
TO SEE YOU AGAIN
AND BE HOME WITH
YOU!

OH, MATER!
DID YOU HAVE
A GOOD TRIP?



THE LESS SAID OF THE TRIP
THE BETTER! COME, PERCIVAL,
WE'LL ALL GO HOME TOGETHER
NOW.. YOU MUST HELP ME
CATCH UP ON THE
SOCIAL NEWS!

SCUTTLE
THAT KIND
OF TALK,
MAGGIE!

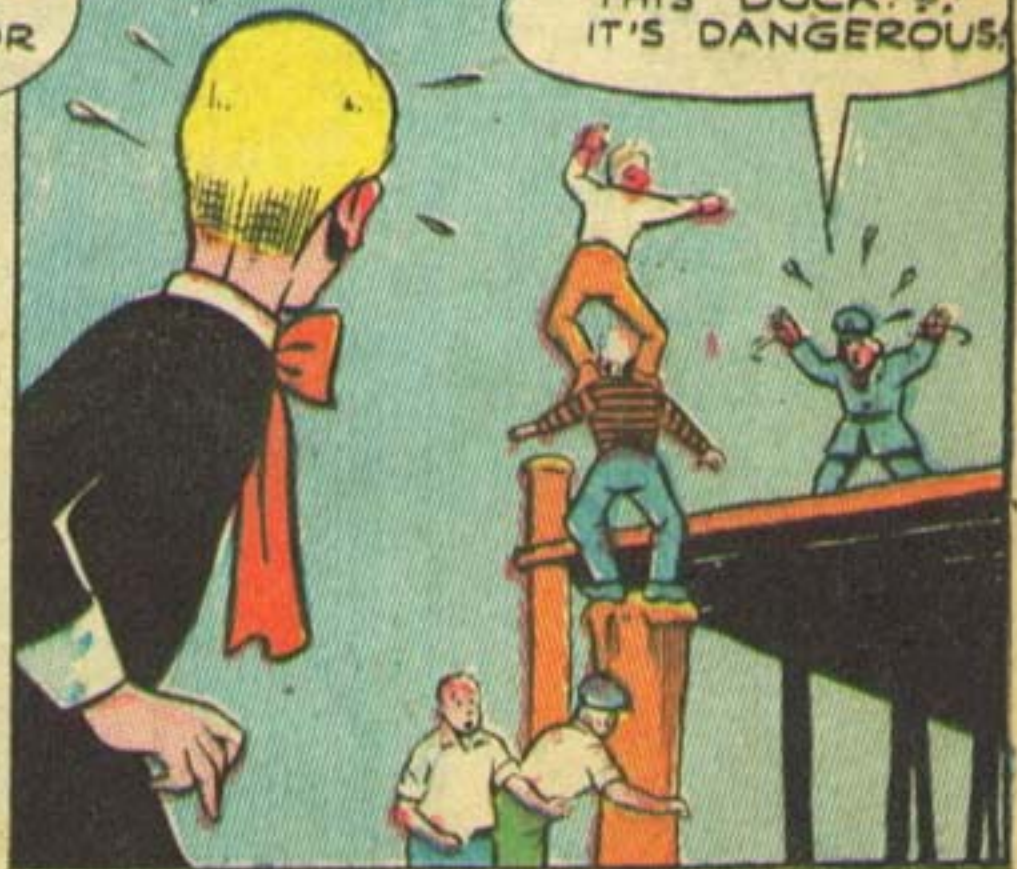
BUT I'D
APPRECIATE
IT IF I MAY
STAY AWHILE
AND WATCH
THE YACHT!

VERY WELL, DEAH! I SUPPOSE
YOU MAY, BUT AS FOR
ME IF I NEVER SEE THE
YACHT AGAIN IT'LL BE
TOO SOON! DON'T STAY
TOO LONG, THOUGH, FOR
WE'LL EXPECT YOU
HOME FOR TEA!

YES,
MATER!

THEN,
PERCY
NOTICES...

HOW MANY TIMES
DO I HAVE TO
TELL YOU KIDS
TO STAY OFF
THIS DOCK!?!
IT'S DANGEROUS!



I SAY THERE.. THAT OFFICER IS ENTIRELY RIGHT! NOW IF I MIGHT OFFER YOU FELLOWS A SUGGESTION...

HEY GUYS! HERE'S A FELLOW WHO'S GIVING AWAY SUGGESTIONS FREE TODAY!

OH YEAH! TELL HIM I'LL ORDER TREE OR FOUR!

HAW HAW!

B..BUT I..I WAS ONLY GOING TO SAY...

YOU TELL 'EM, BEANY!

YOUSE HAS SAID TOO MUCH AWREADY, DRIP!

SO HIT DE ROAD, TOAD! HAW HAW HAW!

ATTA BOY, BEANY!

DE NOIVE OF DE GUY!

WELL, PANTYWAIST, HAVE YA ANY MORE SUGGESTIONS THAT YOU'RE GIVING AWAY?

HUH! WHY COME TO THINK OF IT.. I HAVE JUST ONE!

AND HERE IT IS... IT'S RATHER BLUNT, BUT I BELIEVE IT GETS THE IDEA ACROSS!

WHAM!

NOW IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME, I'LL BE ON MY WAY BEFORE I LOSE MY TEMPER!

GOSH HE SURE PACKS A WALLOR!

YEAH! DAT'S DE FOIST TIME BEANY'S BEEN KNOCKED COLD!

SO YER NAME'S POICY EH? WELL, WE GURE ARE GLAD TO KNOW YA, PAL. AINT WE, GANG?

YOU BET!

HEY POICY, HOW'S ABOUT COMING OVER TO OUR CLUB HOUSE. WE'LL EVEN LET YOUSE BECOME A MEMBER.. MAYBE!

DIS IS DE JOINT! WE'LL HOLD A SPECIAL MEETIN' AN' INITIATE YOUSE RIGHT NOW!

THAT'S AWFULLY NICE OF YOU, BOYS.. BUT REALLY, I MUST BE GOING NOW. I COULD COME BACK TOMORROW, THOUGH!

HM... THESE FELLOWS HAVE SURE BEEN SWELL TO ME. IF I COULD ONLY REPAY THEM IN SOME WAY WITHOUT HURTING THEIR FEELINGS!

WE'RE GONNA HOLD OUR THANKS— GIVING PARTY HERE. HOW'S ABOUT GRABBIN' SOME GRUB WID US, POICY?

PARTY! THAT'S IT...HOW'D YOU FELLOWS LIKE TO BE MY GUESTS FOR A PARTY ON MY FATHER'S YACHT FOR THANKSGIVING? HE'S LAYING UP THE YACHT FOR THE WINTER, SO WE'LL HAVE IT ALL TO OURSELVES!

WOW! ON A REAL YACHT!

WHOOPEE! WE'RE REALLY HOITY TOITY! YOU'RE ON, KID! WILL YOUSE HAVE YOUR CHAUFFEUR PICK US UP, OR SHALL I USE ME OWN LIMOUSINE?

THEN IT'S SETTLED, EH, FELLOWS? WELL, I'VE GOT TO GET HOME. MY MATER'LL BE EXPECTING ME.. SEE YOU TOMORROW, FELLOWS!

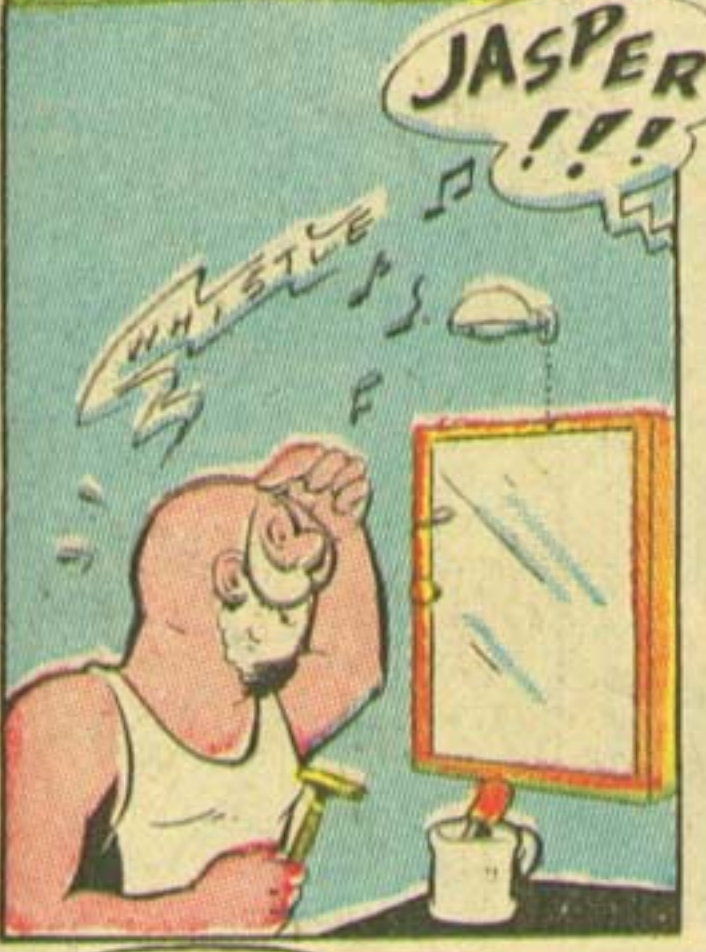
YOU BET! WE'LL BE THERE WITH BELLS ON!

SO LONG POICY!



MEANWHILE-AT THE PLUMMERS MANSION.

JASPER!!!



BOOPS DID YOU CALL, DEAR... OR WAS THAT AN AIR RAID?

YOU MAY TRY TO BE FUNNY AT SOME OTHER TIME... RIGHT NOW I'M WORRIED. I JUST GOT A WIRE THAT THE DUCHESS OF SNOD GRASS IS COMING TO VISIT US!

WELL.. WHAT'S WRONG WITH THAT? YOU'VE BEEN PRAYING ALL SEASON SHE'D COME. THIS OUGHT TO MAKE YOU SCORE THE TRIUMPH OF THE SOCIAL SEASON WHEN YOU THROW A PARTY IN HER HONOR!

THAT'S JUST IT! I CAN'T THROW A PARTY IN HER HONOR IN THIS HOUSE BECAUSE OF THE PAINTER!



GOLLY, THAT'S RIGHT.. THE HOUSE IS BE-ING REDECORATED, ISN'T IT? SAY, HOW ABOUT USING THE YACHT.. THAT OUGHT TO BE IDEAL!

OH, JASPER! WHAT A WONDERFUL THOUGHT! THAT'S JUST WHAT WE'LL DO. WE'LL GIVE THE DUCHESS A THANKSGIVING PARTY ON OUR YACHT!

HEY... MY SHAV-ING SOAP. WATCH OUT!

THANKSGIVING NIGHT.. NOW YOU'RE SURE YOU MADE ALL THE ARRANGEMENTS EXACTLY AS I TOLD YOU, JASPER? EVERYTHING DEPENDS ON THIS PARTY BEING A SUCCESS!

FOR THE HUNDREDTH TIME.. YES! DON'T WORRY! NOTHING CAN POSSIBLY GO WRONG!



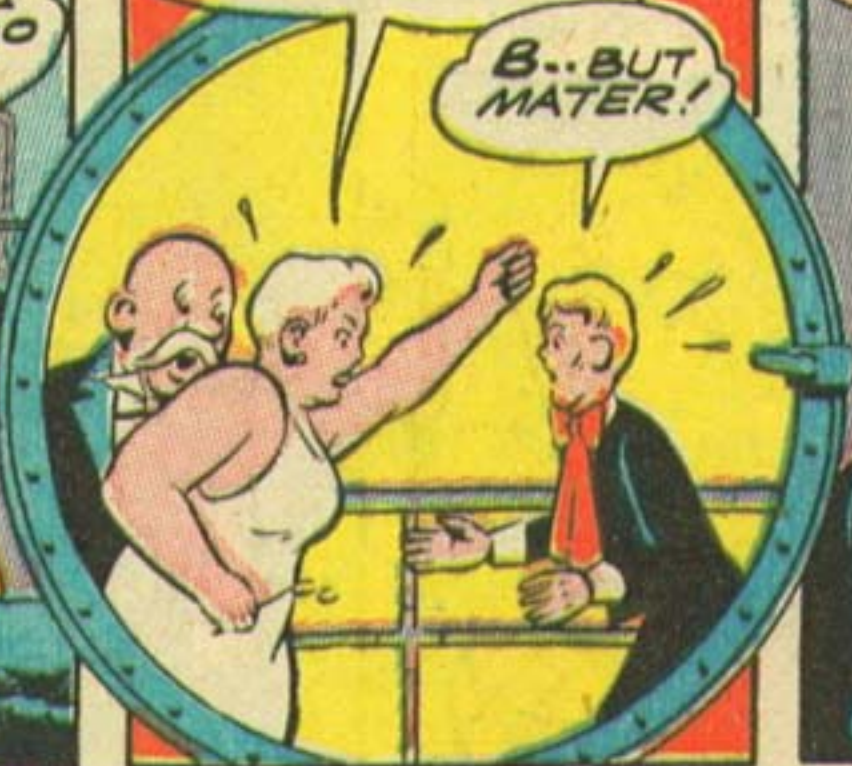


HELLO, MATER... DID YOU AND FATHER COME OUT TO SEE HOW MY PARTY WAS GETTING ALONG?

YOUR PARTY!

OH! OH! I SPOKE TOO SOON!

B.. BUT PERCIVAL, DIDN'T YOU KNOW I WAS GIVING A PARTY TONIGHT FOR THE DUCHESS SNODGRASS... YOU'LL JUST HAVE TO TAKE YOUR GUESTS ASHORE!

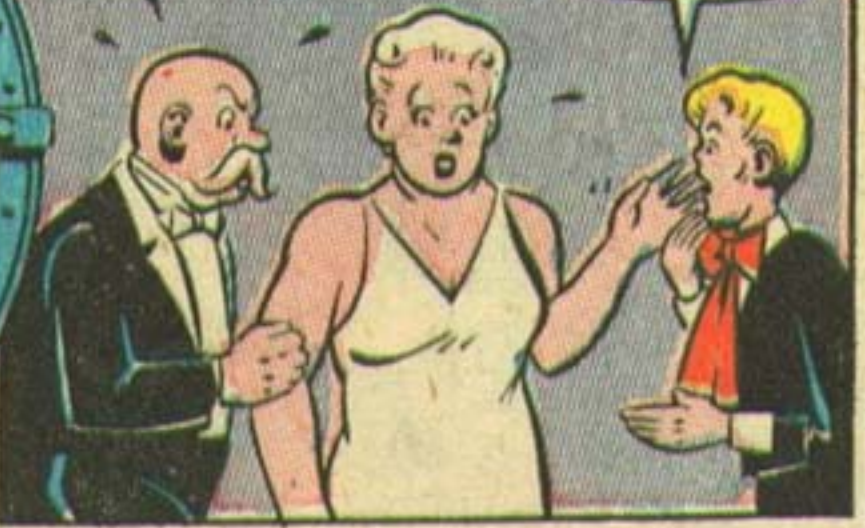


B.. BUT MATER!

THERE'S NO REASON WHY PERCIVAL CAN'T CONTINUE WITH HIS PARTY IF HE JUST TAKES THEM BELOW TO THE LOWER DININGROOM!

WELL.... IF THEY DON'T INTERFERE WITH MY GUESTS..

OH WE'LL STAY QUITE SECLUDED, I PROMISE YOU, MATER!



THE DUCHESS FINALLY ARRIVES..

IT'S SO GOOD TO SEE YOU, DUCHESS! HOW ARE YOU AND YOUR DEAH HUSBAND, THE DUKE?

OH SPLENDID MRS. PLUMMER!

YES, FIT AS A FIDDLE AND ALL THAT TWIDDLE TWADDLE! RAW.. THAW!



AND SO DINNER IS SERVED...

HOW QUANT, MRS. PLUMMER, TO SERVE FRANKFURTERS AND BEANS! IT CERTAINLY IS NOVEL!

UHP! FRANKFURTERS AND BEANS. THIS IS TERRIBLE!

WILL YOU EXCUSE ME, DUCHESS! I MUST SEE MY CHEF!



CHEF, WHAT'S THE MEANING OF THIS OUTRAGE? WHERE'S THE TURKEY?

MASTER PLUMMER TOLD ME THE PARTY HAD BEEN SWITCHED TO THE LOWER DINING ROOM, SO THAT'S WHERE THE TURKEY WENT!



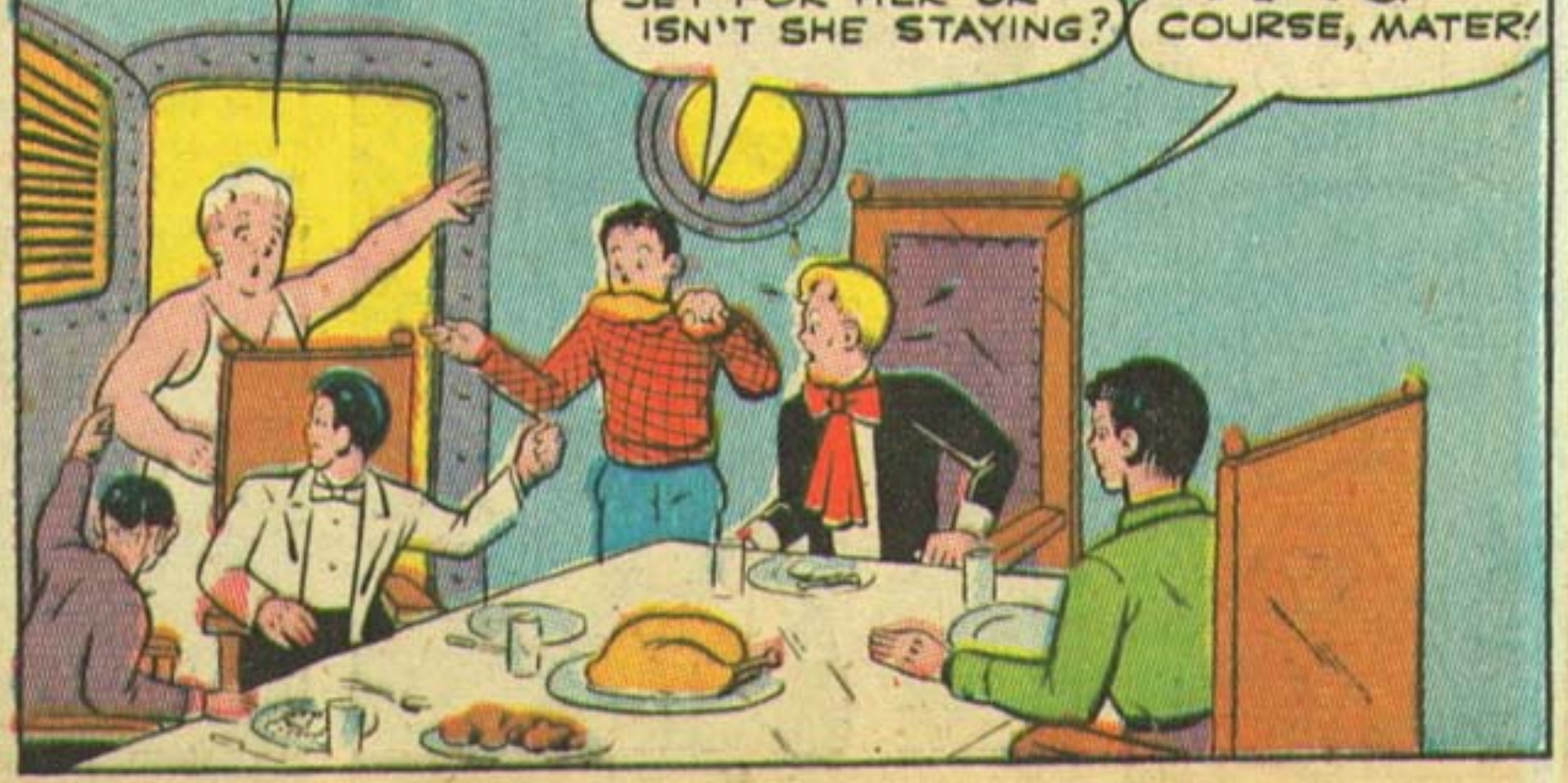
WAIT.... I'LL GET MY HANDS ON PERCIVAL AND HIS LITTLE BAND OF RUFFIANS! HMMPH... I'M RUINED! HOW'LL I EVER EXPLAIN TO THE DUTCHESS?



PERCIVAL! I WISH TO SPEAK TO YOU!

HEY, POICY! SHOULD I HAVE ANOTHER PLATE SET FOR HER OR ISN'T SHE STAYING?

ER.. AH... GULPE OF COURSE, MATER!





WA.. HOO! LISTEN! IS THAT MUSIC THAT COMES DRIFTING TO ME EARS?

.. AND FURTHER-MORE PERCIVAL ..ER..



COME BACK HERE! WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO NOW, YOU LITTLE SCAMPS!?

YEAH MAN! WE'RE GONNA CUT A RUG!!

C'MON GANG! THAT JIVE IS JUST WHAT THE DOCTOR ORDERED!



HEAVENS.. HOW WILL I EVER LIVE THIS DOWN? PERCIVAL YOU GO RIGHT THIS MINUTE AND KEEP THOSE HOOD-LUMS AWAY FROM THE DUCHESS BEFORE I'M DISGRACED!

I SHALL TRY, MATER..



THERE'S THE DUCHESS NOW.. BOY, HOW I HATE TO DO THIS BUT I GUESS I CAN'T LOSE MUCH!

ISN'T THIS JUST TOO CHARMING, DUKE?



HEAVENS! WHAT ARE YOU DOING? WHERE ARE WE GOING?

I CAN'T EXPLAIN NOW, DUCHESS! BUT BELIEVE ME THIS IS FOR THE BEST!!



HEY POICY! WHERE ARE YA GOIN'?

WHO'S THE QUEEN YOU'VE GOT WID YA?

COME ON AN' JOIN US..

YI!! I'M SUNK!



B.. BUT YOU CAN'T GO IN THERE WITH THE DUCHESS!

STOW IT, POICY! WE'RE GONNA SET TH' JOINT JUMPIN'!

C'MON DUCHESS.. HOW'S ABOUT SWINGIN' A TORSO WID ME?

REALLY, BOYS, I DON'T KNOW..



BUT.. WE WERE GIVEN STRICT ORDERS TO PLAY WALTZES ONLY!

NOW LISTEN, WE'RE TH' GUESTS AT THIS SHINDIG AN' WE WANT SOME JIVE.. SO GET COOKIN' WITH THAT HORN.. CUTTIN' NOW.. ONE A TWO.. HEP HEP!!



YEAH MAN.. HOT DIGGITY.. YOU SURE ARE HEP, DUCHY!!

ONE-TWO-THREE-UGH!!



The 3 Monkey-teers



IT SURE IS SWELL TO BE HOME AGAIN WITH MAMA AND PAPA...

AND GO BOB-SLEDDING EARLY IN THE MORNING!

AND WEAR OUR NEW CLARK GABLE SWEATERS...

BY ED SOGGIN



OH BOY, LOOK AT THAT...

STEEP HILL!

LET'S TRY IT!



SAY, LOOK AT THAT TREE BETWEEN OUR SLED TRACKS! THAT WASN'T THERE WHEN WE WENT BY!



GOSH THAT'S FUNNY! I DON'T GET IT!

NEITHER DO I!

AW FORGET IT! MAYBE IT JUST GREW! LOOK, THERE'S THE OLD HERMIT! LET'S BOTHER HIM!



HELLO, OLD HERMIT!
HOW'S FISHING?
CATCHING MUCH
LATELY?

NO!
CONGRATULATE!
AND MOVE
ALONG AFORE
YE SCARE THE
FISH!



THINGS HAVE BEEN A
MITE HARD THIS WINTER!
CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT
EITHER... BEEN USING A
SOS LINE AND A "LITTLE
DANDY" BLUE AND PINK
SIDE-WHEEL SPINNER!



MAYBE IF WE DO A SAILOR'S
DANCE LIKE THIS THE FISH
WILL WANT TO COME
TO SEA!

CUT IT! HOW'S A
DECENT HERMIT GOING
TO CATCH ENOUGH TO
EAT! STOP IT NOW!



THAT'LL
LARN YE
AND DON'T
COME BACK
NEITHER!

GEE,
THE OLD
BUZZARD
KLUNKED
YOU ON
THE HEAD...

WHAT
ARE WE
GOING
TO DO
ABOUT
IT, SASS?

WE
WEREN'T
HURTING
HIM! JUST
HAVING FUN!
MBRMGM

GOSH,
I CAN'T
THINK
OF A
THING!

AND
HE'S
BIGGER
THAN
WE ARE!

I'VE
GOT IT,
FELLOWS!
HERE IS
WHAT WE'LL
DO...LISTEN
....



HERE HE COMES NOW!
ARE YOU SURE YOU'VE
GOT EVERYTHING
STRAIGHT?

YOU
BET!

AND
HOW!



OH, HELLO,
MR. HERMIT!
HOPE YOU
HAD GOOD
LUCK SINCE
WE LEFT,
YOU!

NO, DRAT IT,
I DIDN'T!



THEN
MAYBE
YOU'D
LIKE
SOME
FRESH
FISH!



YOU CURSED IMP! WHEN I CATCH YOU I'LL CUT YOU UP FOR BAIT!

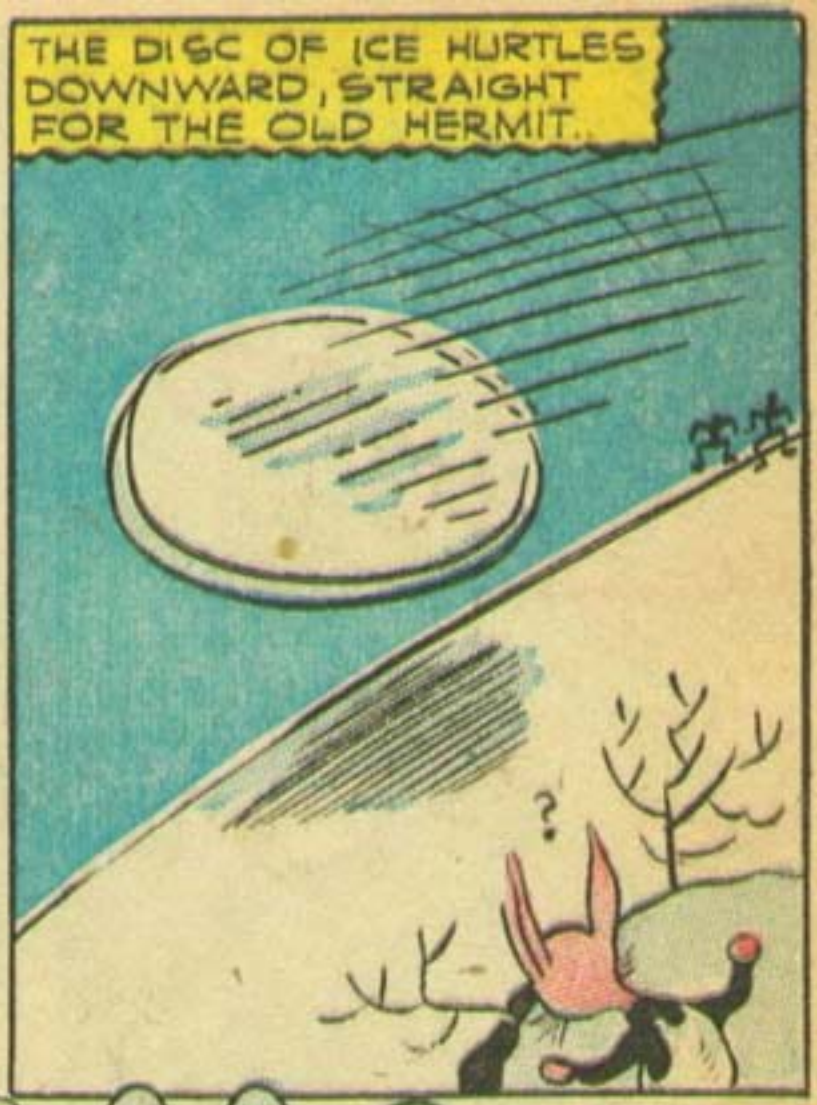
HA HA OF BOY! IS THIS GOOD!



MEANWHILE..

ALL SET, SMALL FRY? THIS DISC WE CUT FROM THE RIVER IS JUST THE THING!

ALL SET, SASS! LET 'ER GO!



THE DISC OF ICE HURTTLES DOWNWARD, STRAIGHT FOR THE OLD HERMIT.

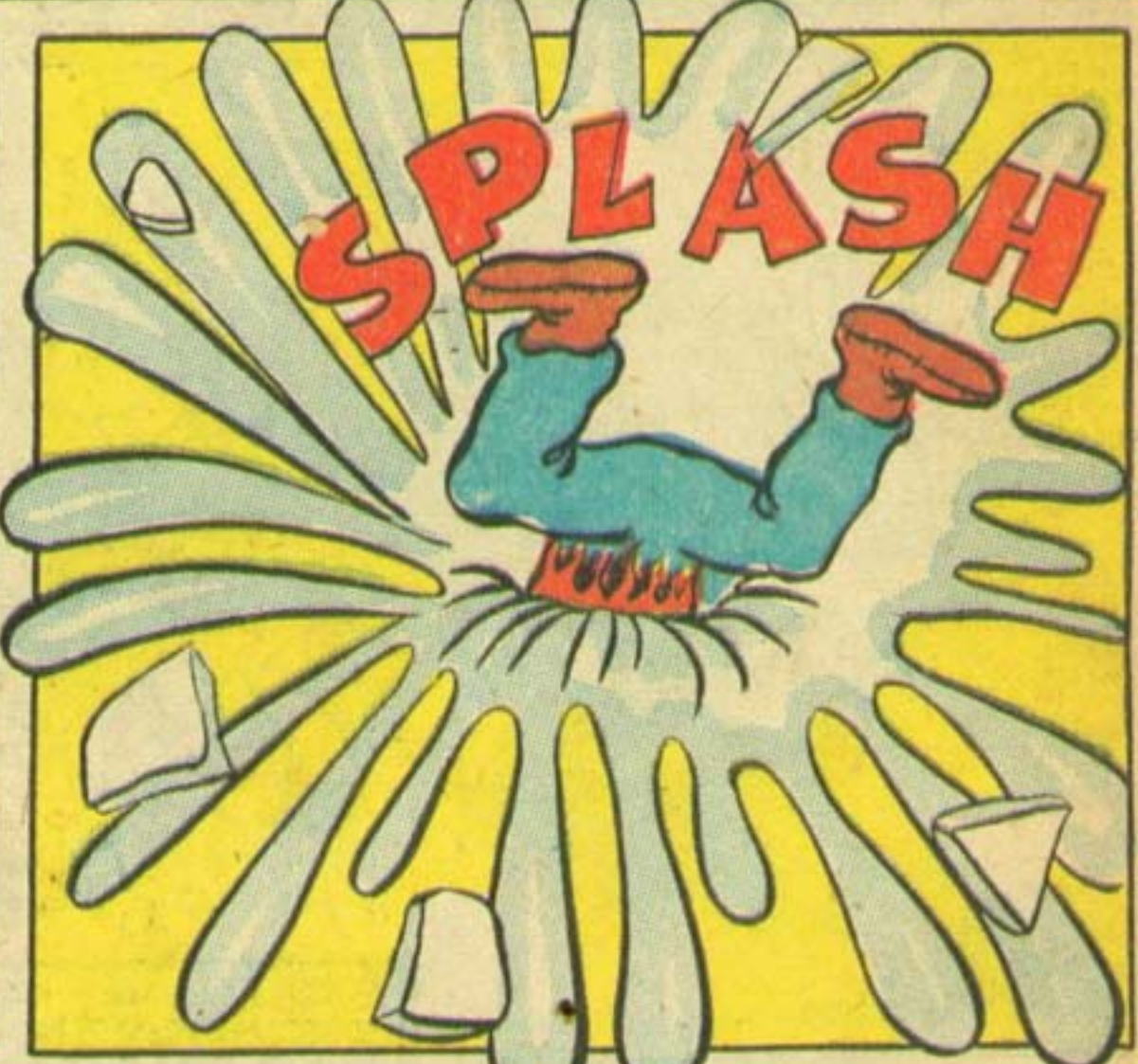


AND...

HALP! I'M FALLING INTO THE RIVER!

KLUNK

HA HA ANY ICE TODAY, SIR?



SPLASH



YOU SEEM TO BE WELL-FIXED FOR RUNNING WATER!



AND DON'T FORGET TO CALL ON US FOR ANYTHING AT ALL! HO HO!

HA HA LET'S GET GOING



PRETTY SMART, AIN'T I?

GOT TO HAND IT TO YOU, SASS!

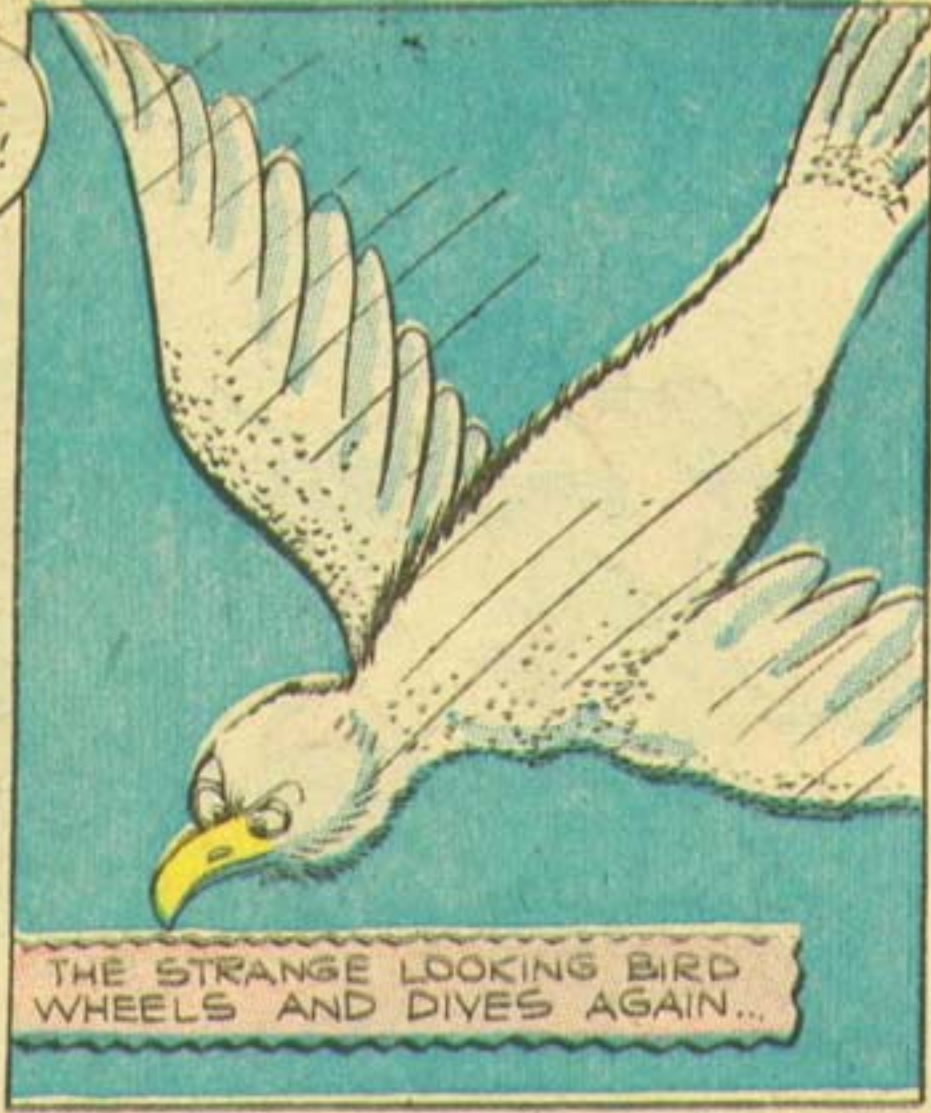
HA HA, I'LL NEVER FORGET THAT LOOK ON HIS FACE!

HA HA

HA

HA

HA



AND AS THEY GO BACK, STRANGELY ENOUGH THEIR TRACKS GO RIGHT THROUGH THE TREES... WE DON'T GET IT!!!!





YES, I KNOW...I WANTED TO TEACH YOU A LESSON! I ALWAYS HELP THE UNFORTUNATE AND YOU WERE PRETTY HARD ON THE OLD HERMIT, YOU KNOW! AND RIGHT AFTER I'D SAVED YOU FROM THAT OLD VIPER, FAGIN, TOO!



B-BUT THAT BIG BIRD! D-DID YOU SEND HIM AFTER US?



THAT WAS ME -- STUPIDMAN! I'M A SLICK ONE AT GLIDING, YOU KNOW!



...AND THAT PIG AND OSTRICH?

THAT WAS ME AGAIN! I MADE AN INSTANT-ANEOUS CHANGE! I'M DARN GOOD! HEH HEH



ONE THING MORE, SIR! HOW ABOUT THOSE...



STOP! I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE GOING TO ASK ABOUT! THOSE SLED TRACKS!



I SIMPLY PICK UP A SLED TRACK LIKE THAT AND BITE IT IN HALF LIKE THIS!



AND PASS IT AROUND THE TREE AND TIE IT TOGETHER AGAIN! HMM... TASTES PRETTY GOOD!



HERE, HAVE A PIECE OF SLED TRACK! THAT'S WHAT THE OLD HERMIT HAS TO EAT WHEN THERE'S NO FISH!



WELL, THAT'S THAT FOR TODAY! I GUESS THEY'LL BE GOOD NOW OR I'M NOT STUPIDMAN!

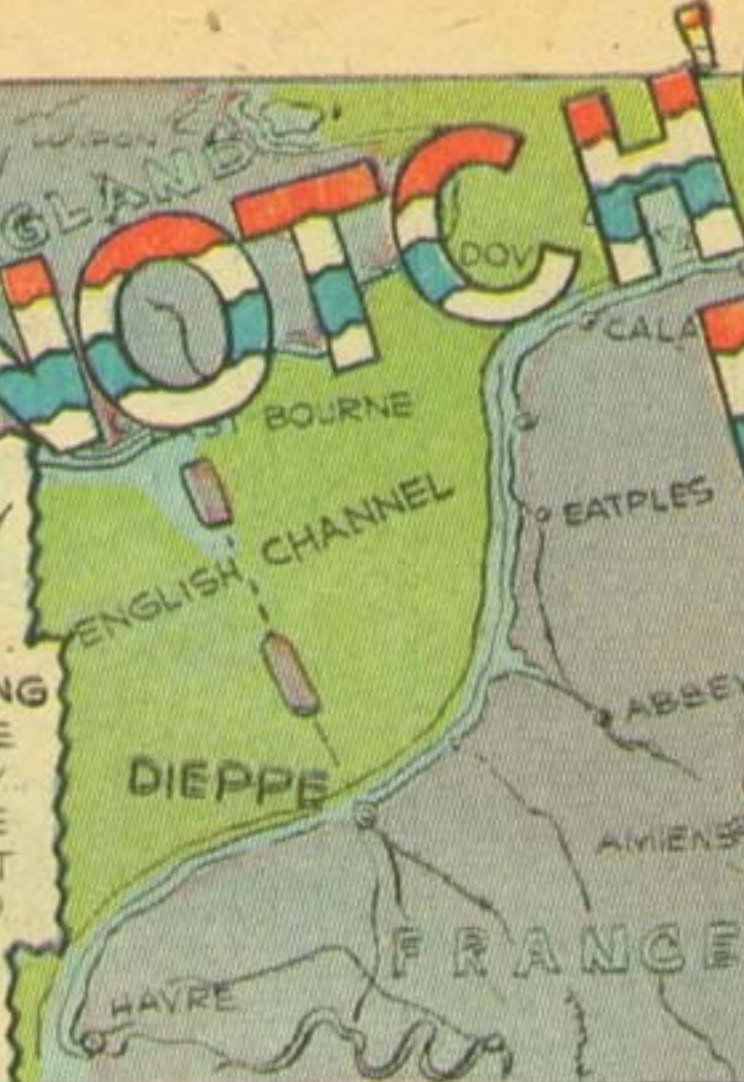
AND NOW I'D BETTER HURRY BACK TO MY JOB AT SCHULTZ'S DELICATESSEN BEFORE SOMEONE LEARNS MY TRUE IDENTITY!

THE THREE MONKEYTEERS WILL BE BACK IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF TOP NOTCH LAUGH COMICS! FOR A CARLOAD OF LAUGHS GET YOUR COPY!

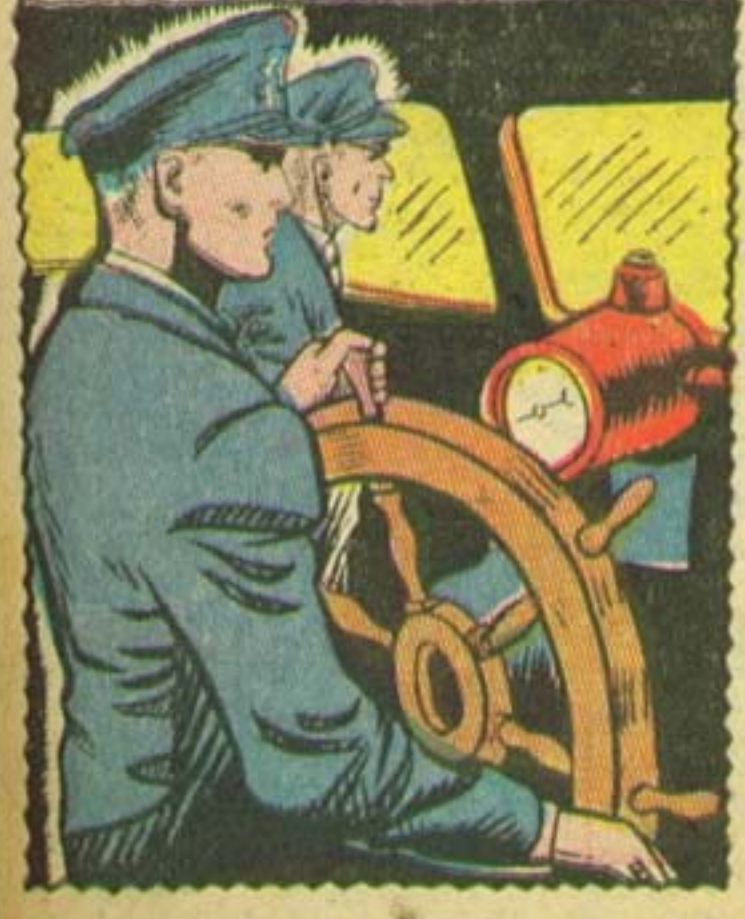
TOP NOTCH'S HALL OF FAME

WORDS, PROMISES, HISTORIC MEETINGS, PACTS ARE ALL VERY WELL AS SYMBOLS OF THINGS TO COME...

BUT ONE MAN IN EUROPE TODAY, A MAN OF ACTION, A FIGHTING MAN, IS BLAZING A TRAIL FOR THE UNITED NATIONS OF TOMORROW. FOR THE DAY WHEN WE WILL BE DELIVERED FROM THE DARKEST DOOM MANKIND HAS EVER FACED THAT MAN IS CHIEF OF THE COMMANDOS, LORD LOUIS MOUNTBATTEN...

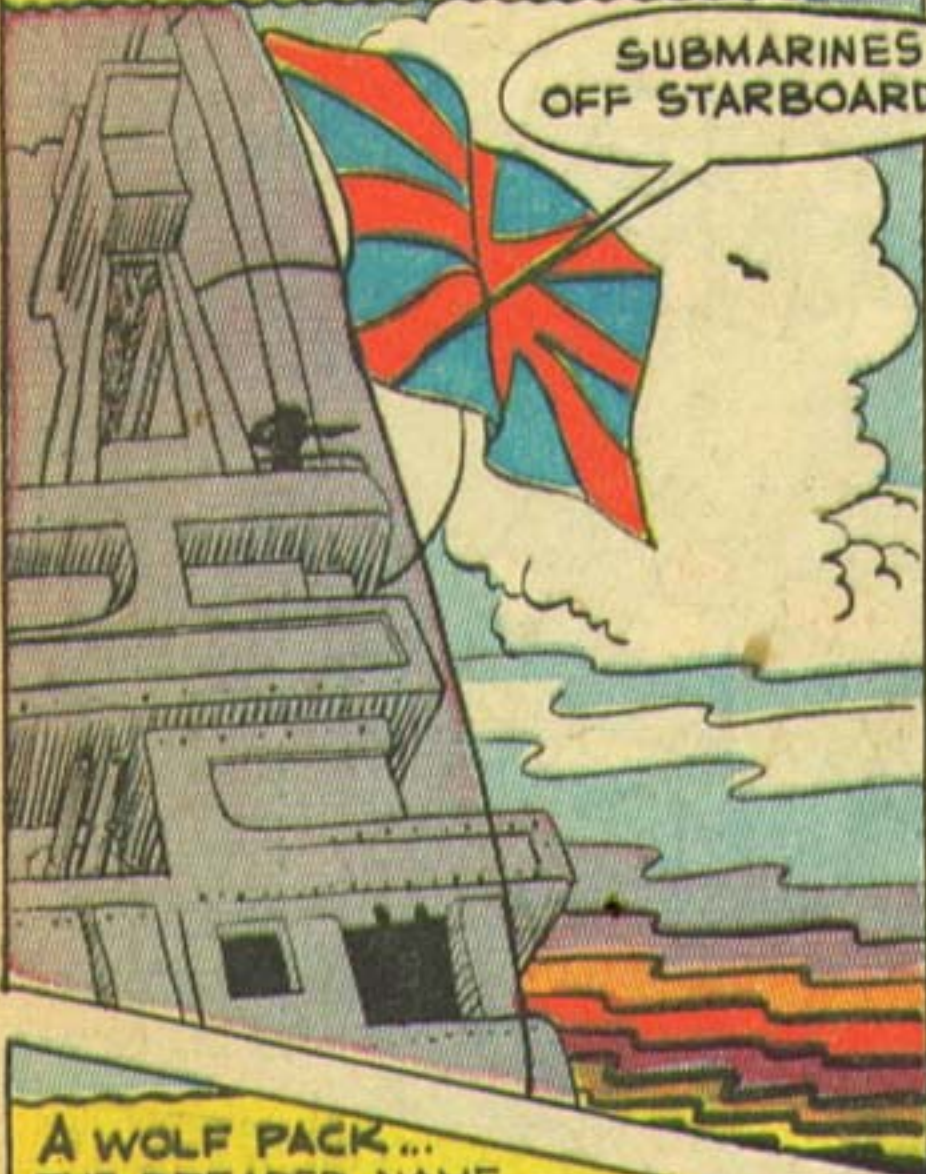


WHEN WAR WAS DECLARED LORD LOUIS WAS A CAPTAIN IN COMMAND OF A DESTROYER FLOTILLA OFF THE COAST OF NORWAY.



SUDDENLY, UP IN THE LOOKOUT TOWER

SUBMARINES
OFF STARBOARD!



GOOD LORD!
IT'S A WOLF
PACK!

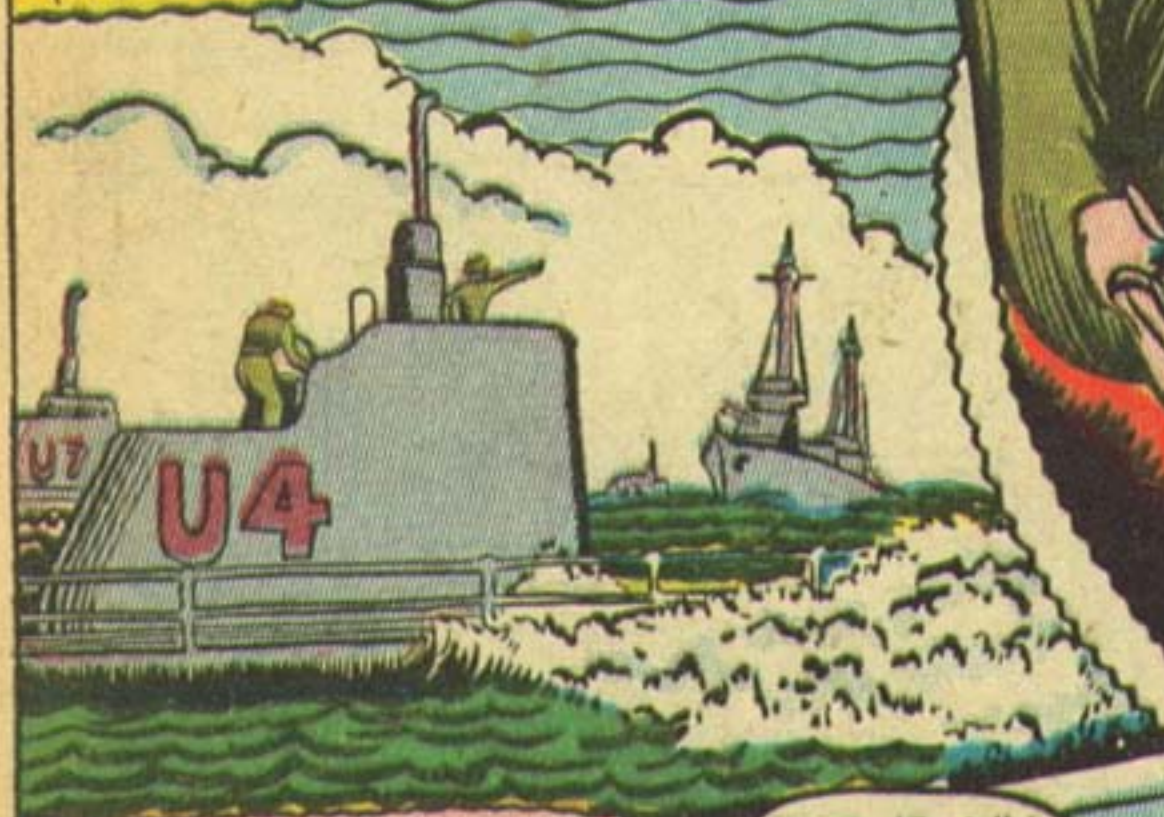


AND ABOARD ONE
OF THE SUBS...

SURRENDER!
GIF US YOUR
ANSWER!

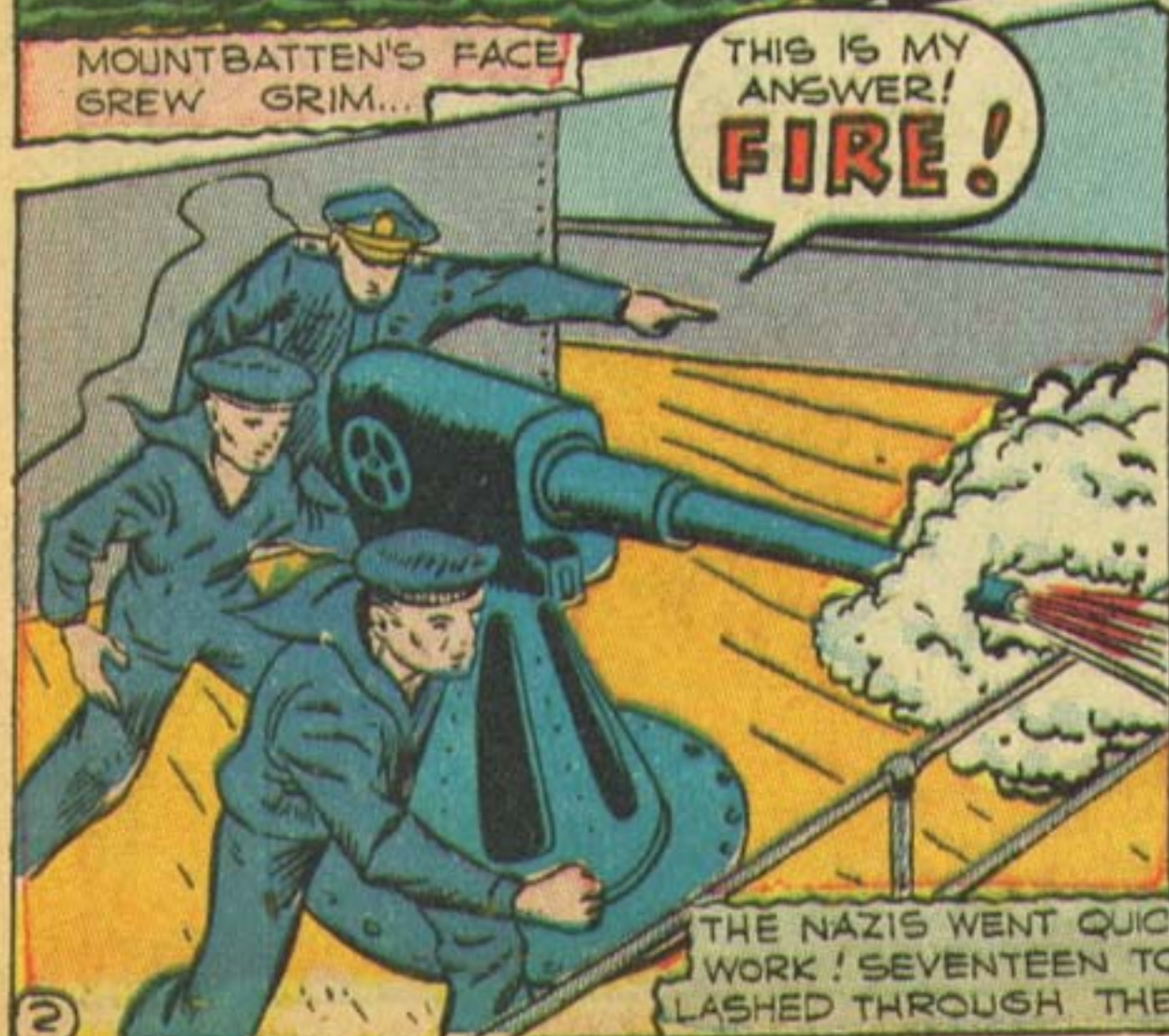


A WOLF PACK...
THE DREADED NAME
GIVEN TO A BAND OF NAZI
SUBS THAT HUNT AND GIVE NO
QUARTER...



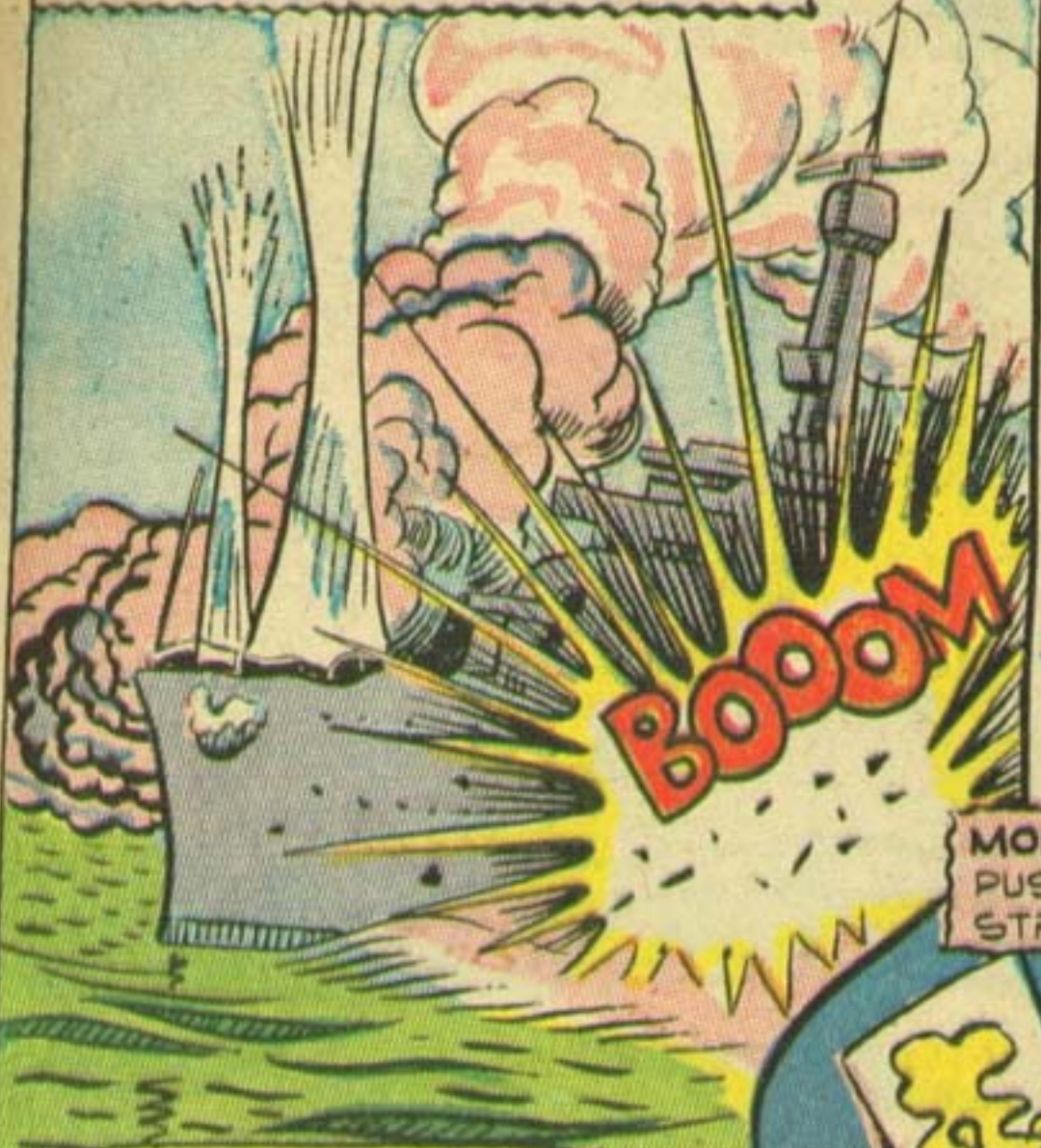
MOUNTBATTEN'S FACE
GREW GRIM...

THIS IS MY
ANSWER!
FIRE!



THE NAZIS WENT QUICKLY TO
WORK! SEVENTEEN TORPEDOES
LASHED THROUGH THE WATERS.

MOUNTBATTEN'S SHIP SHUDDERED UNDER THE IMPACT OF THE EXPLOSIONS...



AND AS THE SMOKE CLEARED...



BAD LUCK! THE RADIO ROOM'S BLOCKED BY WRECKAGE!

MOUNTBATTEN PUSHED AND STRAINED UNTIL...

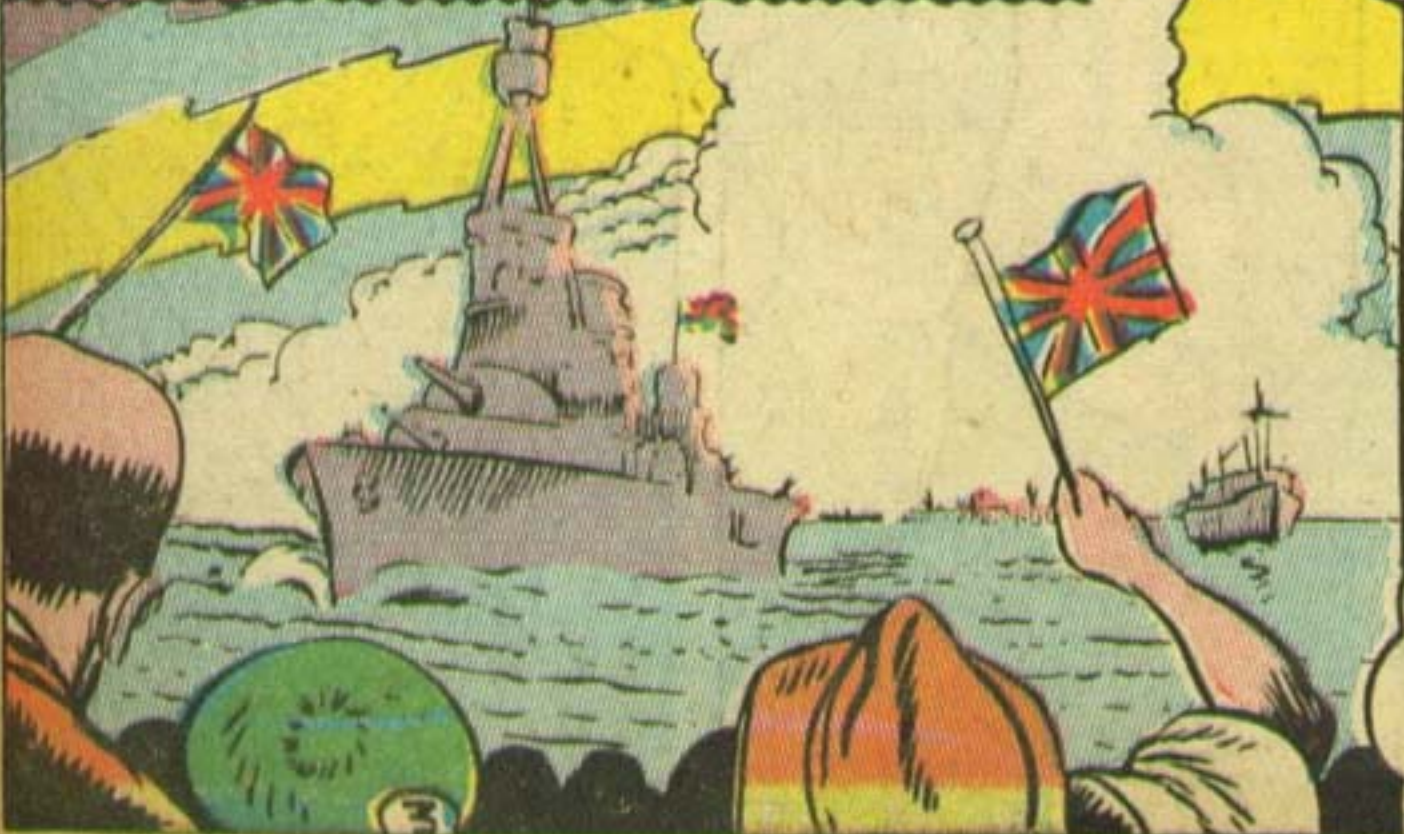
THAT DOES IT! WHEW, WHAT A JOB!

MOUNTBATTEN SPEAKING! THIS IS NOT AN SOS... WE'RE HOLDING OUR OWN AGAINST A NAZI SUBMARINE WOLF-PACK... BUT WOULD SUGGEST YOU SEND A PLANE SQUADRON TO CLEAN THEM UP... LATITUDE...

I--I'VE GOT TO GET THROUGH! UGH! THIS BEAM SURE IS HEAVY!



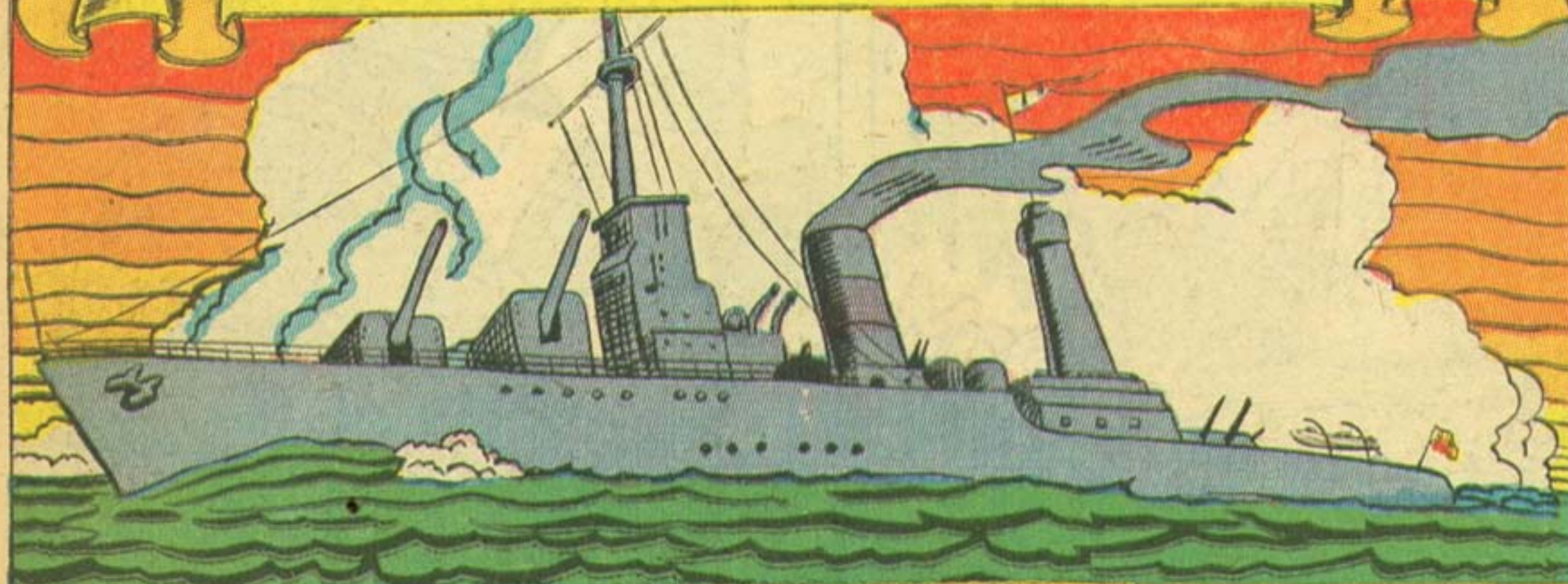
DAYS LATER MOUNTBATTEN DOGGEDLY BROUGHT HIS SEVERELY WOUNDED SHIPS BACK TO A BRITISH PORT...



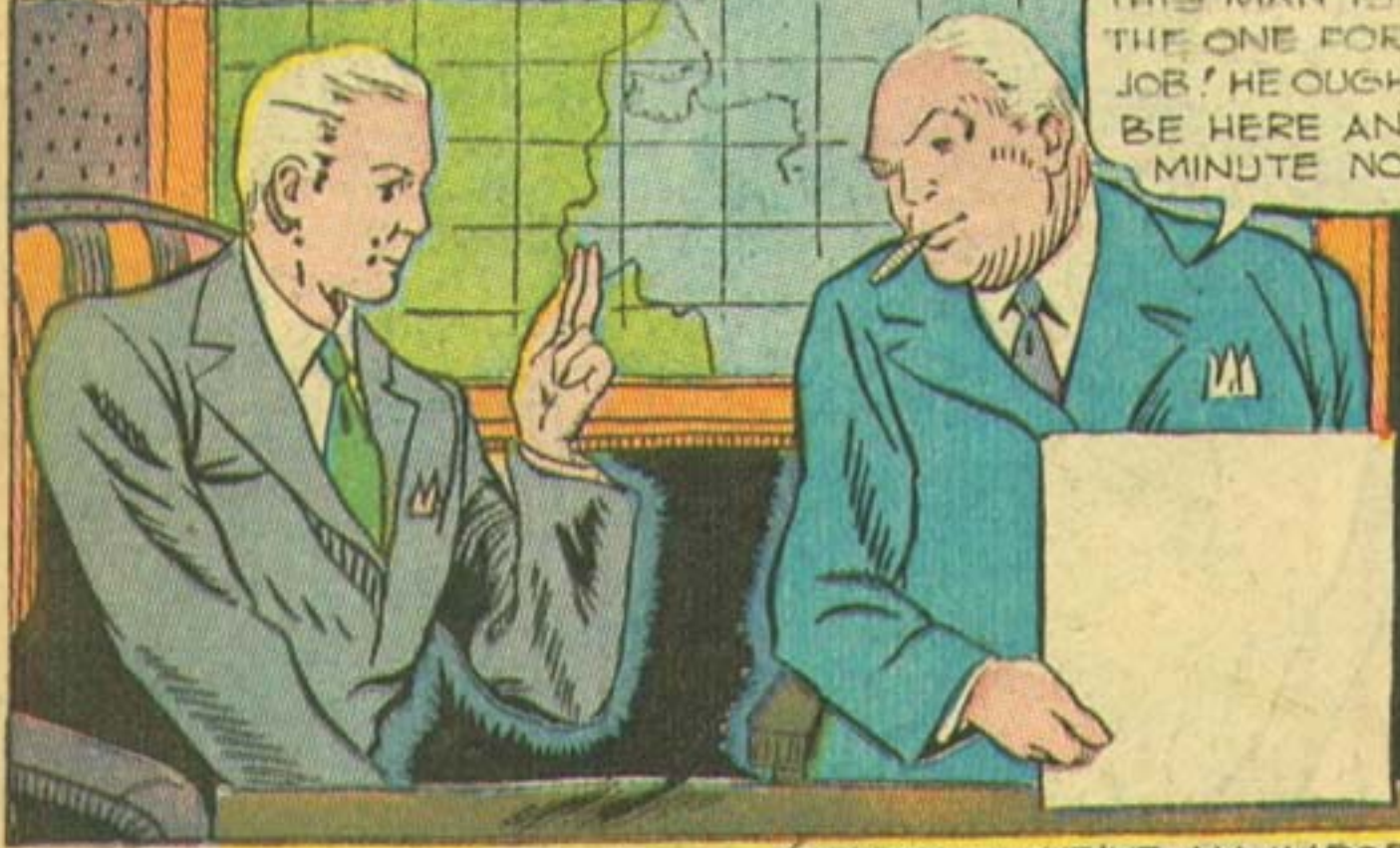
YOU DID A GREAT JOB, MOUNTBATTEN! WE GOT THAT WOLF PACK!

THANK YOU, SIR! WHAT IS MY NEXT ASSIGNMENT?

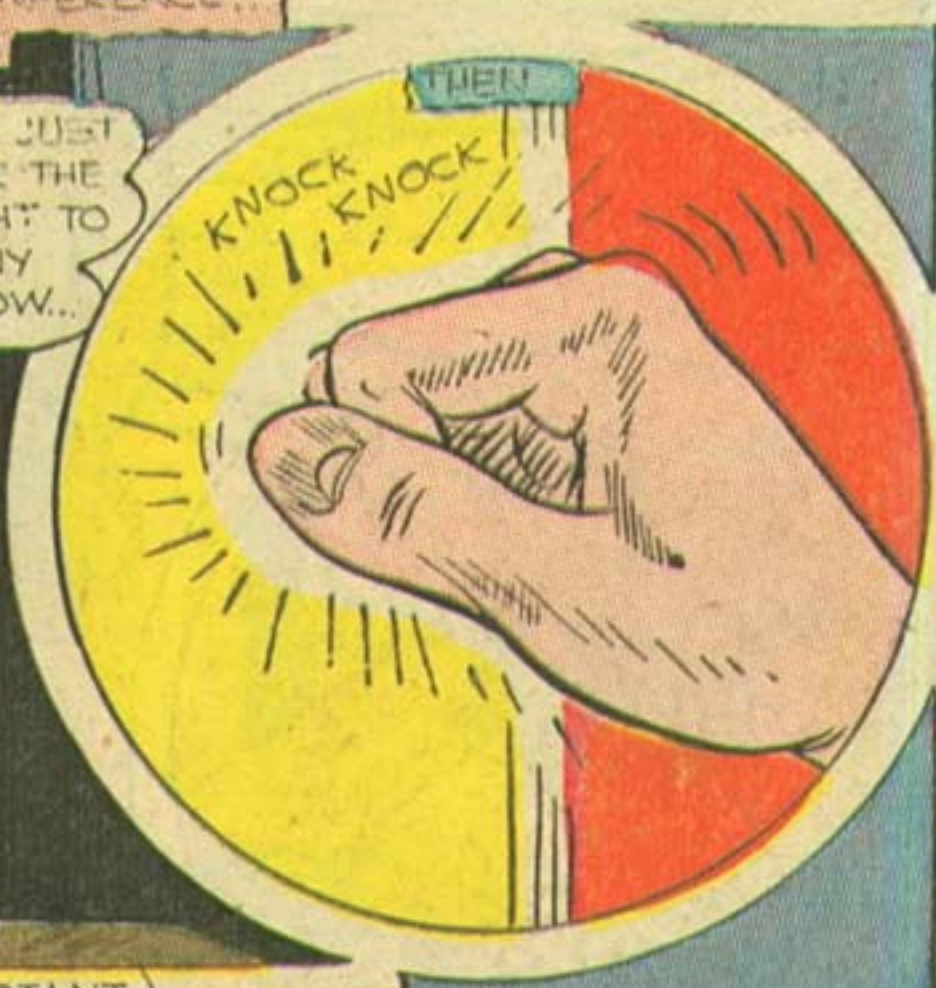
AS TIME PASSED, HE RECEIVED DANGEROUS ASSIGNMENT AFTER DANGEROUS ASSIGNMENT! FOUR TIMES HIS SHIPS WERE BOMBED, TORPEDOED, OR MINED... BUT EACH TIME HE BROUGHT HIS CREW AND SHIP BACK TO A HOME PORT..



AND THEN, EIGHTEEN MONTHS LATER, TWO MEN SAT IN CONFERENCE... TWO VERY IMPORTANT MEN - KING GEORGE VI AND WINSTON CHURCHILL...



THIS MAN IS JUST THE ONE FOR THE JOB! HE OUGHT TO BE HERE ANY MINUTE NOW..



CAPTAIN MOUNTBATTEN REPORTING!

CAPTAIN, WE'VE AN IMPORTANT ASSIGNMENT FOR YOU! YOU ARE TO TRAIN AND LEAD MEN INTO NIGHTLY FORAYS AGAINST ENEMY HELD COASTS! YOU HAVE BEEN CHOSEN AS CHIEF OF COMBINED OPERATIONS!



THANK YOU, SIR!

AND THIS WAS BORN THE MOST FEARED AND DARING OF ALL MILITARY GROUPS... THE COMMANDOS...

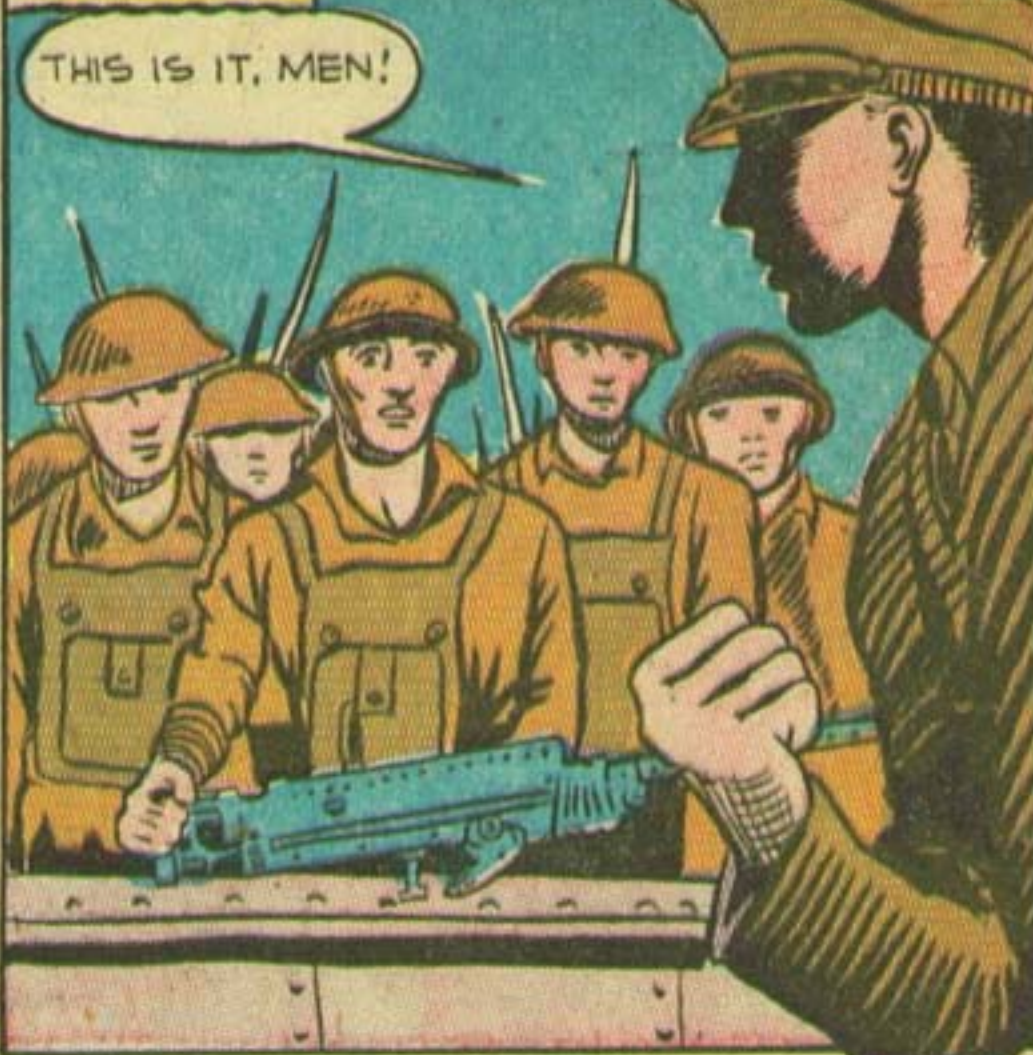


STEP LIVELY, NOW! STEP LIVELY!

WEEKS OF INTENSIVE TRAINING FOLLOWED WHILE LORD MOUNTBATTEN STUDIED SCALE MODELS OF THE FRENCH COAST...



AND THEN, AFTER MANY PRACTICE FORAYS, ON TUESDAY, AUGUST 18TH 1942...



THIS IS IT, MEN!

QUICKLY THE COMMANDOS SWUNG INTO ACTION...

WELL, THIS IS WHAT WE'VE BEEN WAITING FOR, TOMMY!

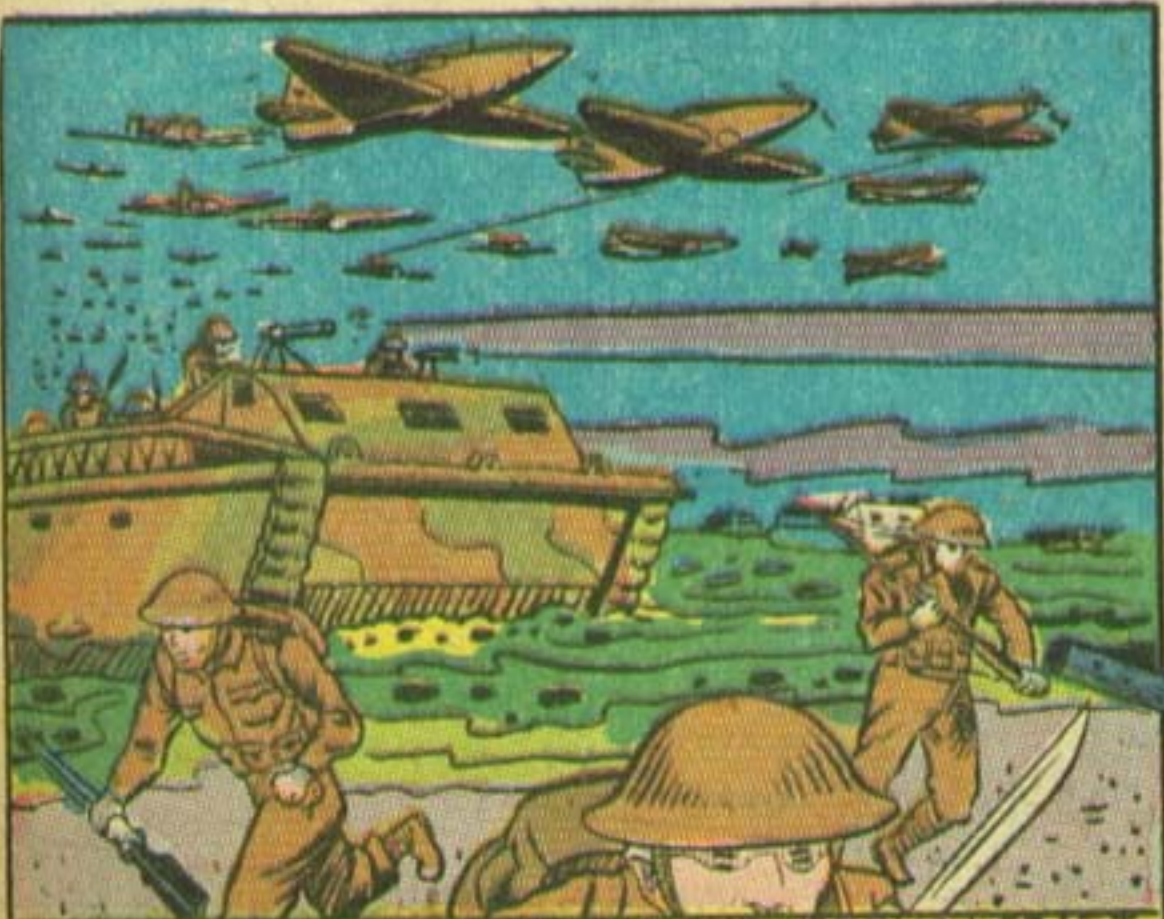
SURE IS, JIM! A CRACK AT THOSE DIRTY NAZIS!



INVASION BOAT AFTER INVASION BOAT PUSHED THROUGH THE WATERS...



AND SWARMS OF PLANES LEFT AIRFIELDS...



FINALLY THEY LANDED ON THE FRENCH COAST...



AND...

LET'S GO!

Times

FRIDAY, AUGUST 20, 1942.

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1942

U. S.-ALLIED TROOPS TANKS RAID DIEPPE 9 HOURS; MORE THAN 1,000 PLANES AID IN LAND ACTION...

A MAGNIFICENT BLOW HAD BEEN STRUCK AGAINST THE NAZIS, AND EVEN WHEN THE COMMANDOS HAD RETURNED TO ENGLAND, MOUNTBATTEN STAYED WITH HIS MEN TO AID THE WOUNDED...

AS MOUNTBATTEN HELPED BIND THE WOUNDS OF SOME OF HIS MEN, A MESSENGER APPEARED..

IT WAS ONLY AFTER ALL HIS MEN HAD BEEN MADE COMFORTABLE THAT MOUNTBATTEN LEFT THEM TO MAKE HIS REPORT.

EASY NOW EASY!

MR. CHURCHILL WISHES YOU TO REPORT ON THE RAID, SIR!

NOT NOW! I'VE GOT TO ATTEND TO MY MEN!

AND SO, FOR HIS BRAVERY, FOR THE INSPIRATION HIS FIGHTING COURAGE GIVES TO HIS MEN, AND FOR THE GOOD WORK HE HAS DONE THUS FAR TO HELP THE UNITED NATIONS WIN THIS WAR, THE TOP-NOTCH **HALL OF FAME** IS PROUD AND HONORED TO AWARD ITS PALM OF THE MONTH TO **CAPTAIN LORD LOUIS MOUNTBATTEN CHIEF!**

the END